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With apologies to Michael Heath

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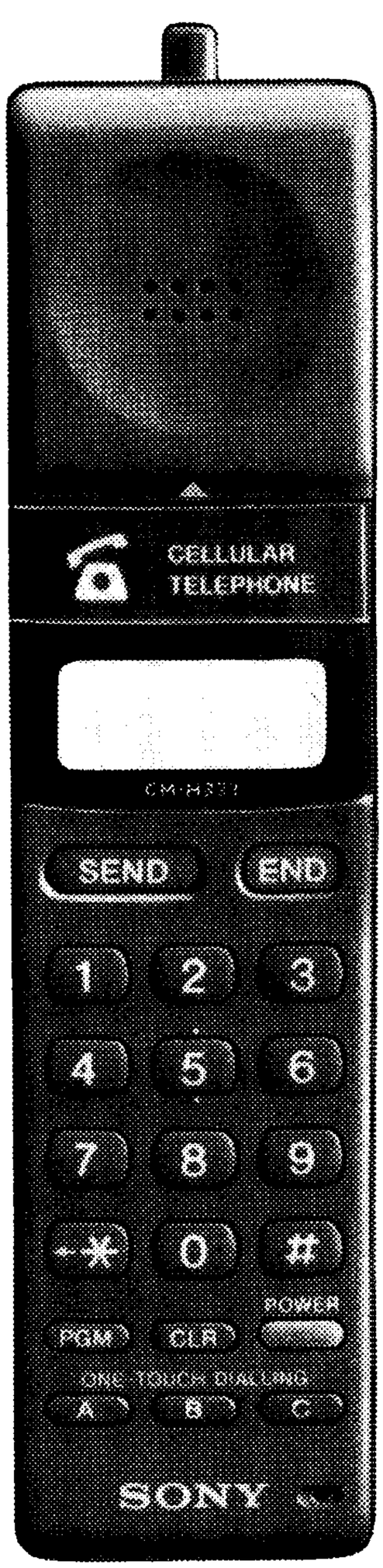

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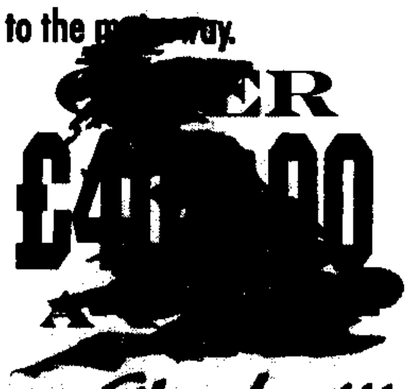

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The Three Arses *(shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

The following statement has been issued by Mr John Paul Gnome III and supersedes the statement he made ten minutes ago:

On second thoughts I, John Paul Gnome III, world-famous recluse, and cricket enthusiast, have decided after all to give £2,000 billion towards saving this priceless national treasure which must at all costs be preserved for Britain rather than fall into the hands of the Gnome Museum in California. Any suggestion that I am only making this donation in order to get my own back on my father, as was implied by Mr Timothy McBrownnose, is totally baseless and without foundation. Whilst it *is* true that as an art lover I would much rather that Casanova's wonderful Three W.G. Graces *[check details]* did not go to the so-called "museum" founded by my appalling father for his own glorification, I will not have anyone say this publicly.

I have decided to accept Mr McBrownnose's apology for his remarks and I am happy to accept that he now realises that my disgraceful father and I are the best of friends.

If anyone says anything to the contrary, I will change my mind again.

So there.

E. Strobes
pp. John Paul Gnome III
The Gnome Stand
Lord's Cricket Ground
London NW1

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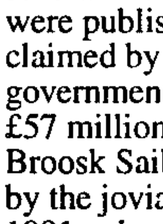


● *Slicker on Archer — page 28.*

IT IS comforting to learn that at least one Kurd has made a lot of money by believing something said by Lord Archer.

Broosk Saib, who made £80,000 from Archer's tip about Lady Archer's company, knows very well that not all Kurds who dealt with Archer have done as well.

On 20 June 1991, for instance, Archer told the *Times* (which faithfully published the news in a headline) that his appeal and concern for the stricken Kurds of northern Iraq had raised £57 million in 28 days. To illustrate the point Archer was pictured with a banner emblazoned with the figure: £57,042,000.

The Kurds waited anxiously for the money for several months. In January 1992, the real figures were published. The vast bulk of the money claimed by Archer had been donated by foreign governments and had nothing to do with him. The £57 million was in fact closer to, er, £3.8 million. Broosk Saib, affectionately nicknamed "Beankurd" by the jovial novelist, went to Iraq with Archer in 1991, where their reception was rather cool. A second, crucial visit had to be cancelled.

In July last year the *Eye* published the curious story of Tom Hardie-Forsyth, a Kurdish-speaking ex-army officer who had started working for Kurdish charities. He had been approached by Archer and had several meetings with him and representatives of the Kurdish Democratic Party.

At these meetings Archer, who was acting, he said, for the British and American governments, offered all sorts of immediate help to the refugees in exchange for a contract for his company, SETCOM, to be granted exclusive oil and mining rights on Kurdish territory. This proposal fell through not long after Hardie-Forsyth tried to check Archer's story with the government and the US embassy — both denied having anything to do with this scheme.

Throughout Archer must have been delighted with the help he got from Broosk Saib, his new Kurdish friend — so much so, in fact, that he was prepared a year later to reward the young Kurd with a share tip that brought in a cool £80,000.

ONE of the most mysterious aspects of the Archer affair is the refusal of the department of trade and industry to name the inspectors who carried out the inquiry into the Archers and came up with such remarkable conclusions.

A DTI spokesman told the *Eye*: "When we don't announce an inquiry, we don't announce the names of the inspectors".

No doubt: but on this occasion the DTI, provoked by press leaks, *did* announce that it had ordered an inquiry and even disclosed that it was investigating Lord Archer, but still it stubbornly refused to name the inspectors.

The *Eye* asked: "Was it exceptional to the point of being unique that the inquiry had been announced but the inspectors were not named?"

The spokesman replied: "Yes, I think that is a very good way of putting it. I can't [illegible] never happened before, but I can't tell you [illegible]

"And I can also tell you we're not [illegible] inspectors."

WHY doesn't Michael Howard, the home secretary, exercise his own right to silence?

Last October he rallied the Tory faithful with the usual empty soundbites. The centuries old right to silence, he said, was a "charter for terrorists and professional criminals".

Hang on a minute. The home office's own figures show that of 16,000 cases examined between 1984 and 1986, just 3 per cent of accused exercised their right to remain silent. Close examination of the type of people who exercised the right reveals some surprising exceptions to the Howard rule.

For example, the six detectives charged with conspiracy to pervert the course of justice in relation to the cases of the Birmingham Six and Guildford Four all exercised their right to remain silent. Many of the East Ham police officers interviewed over the framing of Prem Sivalingham and Sam Kulasingham (the East Ham Two whose convictions were quashed in May) also exercised their right to remain silent.

THE NEWS that non-executive directors of Railtrack receive £500 every time they attend a committee meeting has been greeted with loud cheers in signal boxes throughout the country. But who actually gets the lolly?

The Railtrack Group PLC — not to be confused with plain old Railtrack PLC — has three committees: audit; safety; and compensation. The audit committee consists of Sir Christopher Foster of Coopers & Lybrand (see *Footnotes*); Christopher Jonas, a surveyor and agile quango-hopper (he is also on the Further Education Funding Council — see *Eyes passim*); Beverly Anderson, a former headmistress; and Dr Derek Roberts of London University. Roberts, Anderson and Jonas also sit on the safety committee.

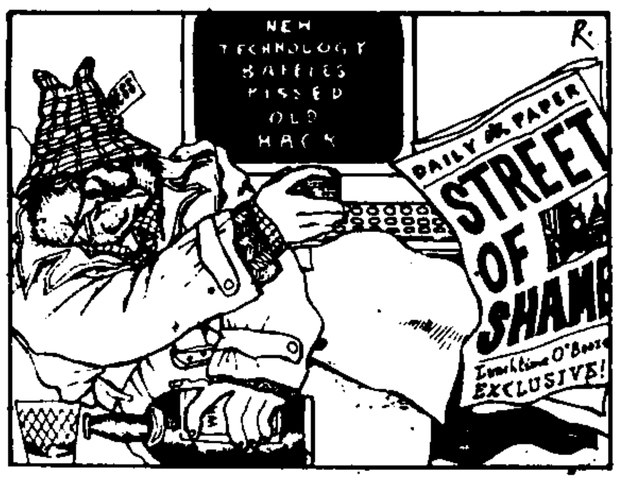
Perhaps the most arduous committee — "compensation" — has to decide the salaries of the 14 full-time directors of Railtrack PLC. The three lucky "non-execs" who receive £500 of public money four times a year for meeting to decide how much public money should be doled out to their full-time colleagues are Sir Christopher Foster; Archie Norman, a former top executive at the supermarket chain ASDA; and Jennifer Page from English Heritage.

WILL the people who run (as opposed to manage) London Underground shortly be joining the signal workers on strike?

The management offer to them is derisory. A memo to employees from Ann Burfutt, the human resources director, says a "firm offer" has been made to everyone — a whole 2 per cent. This is, she says, "the most we can afford". Although the figure hasn't been negotiated let alone agreed she is going to pay it anyway.

There is one exception, of course — the chairman, Peter Ford. He is to receive £150,000 a year, a rise of 34 per cent on what his predecessor, Sir William Newton, had to scrape by on.

● *More on Peter Ford p. 8.*



PROFITING FROM HUMAN TRAGEDY read the headline on the recent *Daily Mail* leader which attacked solicitor Howard Ogden for trying to make money from his contacts with alleged mass murderer Frederick West.

"It would diminish us all if this human tragedy were ever exploited in the name of profit," ranted the pernicious rag with its usual crass hypocrisy.

RODERICK NEWALL IN JAIL — *Night & Day talks to the man who killed his mother and father*, screamed the puff in the same day's paper promoting an "exclusive" (lifted from a book) in the next day's *Mail on Sunday*. Pass the sick bag...

JOHN JUNOR's column in the *Mail on Sunday* has been a real treat of late — largely because Sir Jonah is on holiday and his replacement is the even more ludicrous Ronald Spark.

Spark has already treated readers to his thoughts on royal freebies. Noting that Prince Charles's flight home with his sons from their Greek holiday had been paid for by his host, the Greek millionaire John Latsis, Spark opined that this was "quite outrageous" and that "the heir to the throne should never place himself under an obligation to any individual, British or foreign".

Not so bright Spark then went on to suggest that if Charles could not afford to pay for his own flight "he should have done what ordinary people would have to do" and stayed at home.

In addition to being fired by Junor for fiddling his expenses several years ago while on the *Sunday Express*, Spark was also subsequently fired from his job as a leader writer at the *Sun* — for taking British Airways freebie flights without the editor's permission.

MEMO TO THE SUN: Tony and Cherie Blair moved house two years ago.

As everyone else in Britain knows, their "new" address is Richmond Crescent, London N1, and Dr Laurence Gerlis, the poor chap who moved into the Blairs' old home in Stavordale Road, London N5, is fed up with being mistaken for the Labour leader (constant invitations to go on breakfast TV; unintelligible phone calls from Hattersley, Prescott etc.)

But as Blair cock-ups go, the *Sun*'s is unbeatable. One *Sun* hack recently challenged Mrs Blair about "Tony's extra-marital affair", explaining triumphantly how her husband had been seen leaving "someone else's house" early in the morning. The house was of course the Blair abode in Richmond Crescent.

WHITHER Charles "Experienced" Golding following his abrupt dismissal as deputy editor of the *Sunday Express*?

The man himself is putting on a typically self-confident face, assuring friends that he has been deluged with job offers. If he is to be believed, these include a position as third-in-command at the *Sun*; "any job I want" at the London *Evening Standard*; six feature articles worth £2,000 each for *Harpers & Queen*; a commission to write a "top secret" profile for *Hello!* magazine; a "senior executive post" at London Weekend Television and his own show on Classic FM.

Perhaps aware that some or all of these possibilities may turn out to be pipe-dreams, Golding has hired a PR firm, the Entertainment Partnership, to find work for him. Bearing in mind that he once sued the *Eye* for casting aspersions on his journalistic experience, it is odd to see on the Partnership's register that he bills himself merely as an "entertainer/broadcaster".

Sadly, it seems the advice given to Golding a few years back by his patroness, Eve Pollard, has yielded little. Looking down the list of guests at Golding's wedding she suddenly began striking out names with her pen. "This really won't do," she exclaimed. "You should be inviting people who can be of some use to you in the future."

PS: Unfinished business remains, meanwhile, at the Grey Lubyanka. *Sunday Express* hack Alf Lee was summoned last week by managing editor John Honeywell and shown a £1,000 bill he had apparently run up by calling 0898 numbers on his mobile phone over the past six months. An indignant Lee pointed out that these calls had certainly not been made by him, since his mobile telephone had been "confiscated" precisely six months ago by... Charles Golding.

THE CAREER prospects of the *Sun*'s newest staff reporter, Damien Lazarus, are looking none too bright following his recent assignment to "go undercover and expose the New Age travellers".

Young Lazarus duly scruffed himself up and spent a fortnight sleeping rough in a forest near Bath with a group of hippies. On his return to the office, he revealed his findings in an epic 2,000-word article.

But the hard-hitting story which his editors had commissioned — "We expose workshy, drug-crazed good-for-nothings" — did not turn out quite as expected.

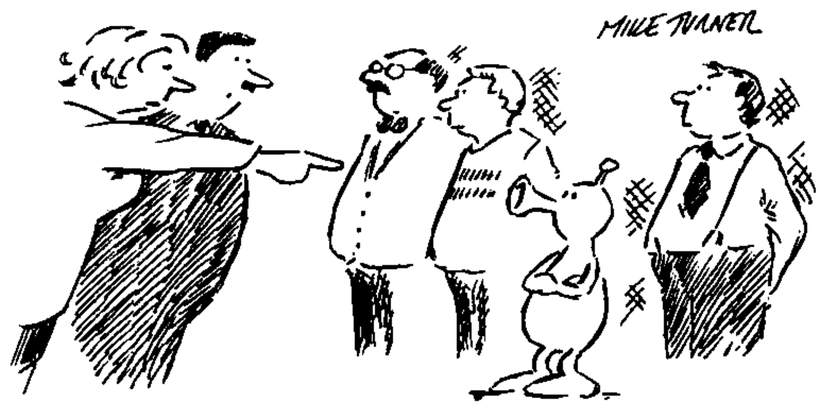
"For years, New Age travellers have been tarnished with a sense of hate by the general public," Lazarus wrote. "They have been seen as young trouble-makers who do nothing but travel around Britain's countryside causing havoc and unrest.

"*I discovered that nothing could be further from the truth.*"

The starry-eyed *Sun* man went on to explain that travellers are "caring individuals" who "are helping to bring about [their] idealistic dream by looking after Britain... They do everything they can to preserve our green fields and trees."

"They will," he concluded, "continue to live with and protect the earth and will carry on finding their way in life by following their own instincts and by refusing to conform to society."

Needless to say, the *Sun*'s loutish deputy editor Neil Wallis was none too amused when he read Lazarus's hymn of praise to hippie values. He summoned the hapless hack to his office for a fearsome bollocking — and consigned Lazarus's great "exclusive" to the spike.



"...and you're sure he was the one you saw inside the crop circle?"

READERS may recall that our recent Hackwatch on Dr Vernon Coleman, the *People*'s resident A-Doctor-Writes merchant, suggested he was something of a violent fanatic on the animal rights issue. In reply, one of his supporters wrote in to praise him as a saintly figure who was concerned only with love, peace, justice, etc, etc.

Now mark the sequel. In the high court earlier this month Dr Coleman agreed to an injunction stopping him from "publishing, threatening to publish or causing others to publish" the home address and telephone number of Professor Colin Blakemore of Oxford University, who has long been a prime target for pro-animal activists. The injunction was prompted by a recent threat from Coleman to print Blakemore's address and phone number so that members of the public could "get in touch with you to discuss your work".

In the past few years Blakemore has been subjected to a continuous campaign of harassment, including kidnap and death threats against his daughters. Last Christmas he was sent a letter-bomb containing half a pound of explosive packed with needles. In the circumstances, the high court concluded that Coleman's behaviour was grossly irresponsible and might well lead to further terrorist attacks. He was ordered to pay costs and damages totalling £16,000.

Fortunately Coleman makes such a packet from his *People* columns and his 0898 sex-advice phone numbers he shouldn't have too much trouble raising the money.

HOW JOURNALISM WORKS IN JAKARTA

"WHAT we need is a responsible openness," said President Suharto, golf enthusiast and mass-murderer, in his 49th independence day address in Jakarta.

Two "irresponsible" magazines and a popular tabloid have already been closed. More recently, Stephen Carr, a reporter for *Deutsche Welle*, a German radio station, also found out about freedom of the press, Indonesian-style.

Carr had filed a radio news story about a young Indonesian woman called Marsinah who had been tortured to death by Indonesian soldiers in East Java. (She had protested about the poor wages at the watch factory where she worked and had taken her complaint to the local military office, where she was murdered.)

This every day story of industrial relations was reported in a few brave local papers and taken up by international human rights agencies, much to Suharto's embarrassment. With the story out the military decided to act — arresting nine of Marsinah's colleagues and extracting false confessions from them under torture.

Carr's report brought him to the attention of Indonesian intelligence officers. When he tried to book an Air India flight from Jakarta to Singapore, he was told it was full but was offered a seat on the Indonesia airline Sempati (owned by Suharto's son Tommy) instead. When he boarded the plane his seat was already taken by a sinister and nervous-looking heavy who refused to move.

Carr questioned the man who, groaning under the weight of discovery, eventually blurted out: "We have come to get you." Fearing for his life Carr fled to the cockpit. The captain could do nothing: he had been ordered to allow the heavy on to the plane in the first place. Luckily Carr made enough commotion that the exposed heavy was forced to depart.

HALLO!

The heartwarming column by *The Marquesa*

HALLO! NEWS reaches the Marquesa of two meetings this spring between Prince Philip, Prince Edward and the delightful Mr Bob Hasan, Indonesian timber king and friend of mass-murderer *(shurely 'respected statesman'? Ed)* President Suharto.

Logger Bob's various deforestation operations have done so much to improve the houses of many of our well-heeled chums — those generous acres of irreplaceable rainforest hardwood look terribly *smart*, don't you think? — that it's galling to hear tiresome environmentalists belittling his contribution to interior design.

Happily there were no sour looks from the Duke of Edinburgh, president of the World Wildlife Fund, when Philip accepted a large cheque from logger Bob for his character-forming awards scheme.

HALLO! *WHAT has happened to our national game? The delightfully droll ac-tor Hughie Grant was playing weekend cricket for a first-rate south London "showbiz" eleven recently, when his afternoon was spoiled by an uncouth Australian bowler on the opposing team. When Hughie strode into bat, this rude fellow made a gratuitous and very unpleasant reference to Hughie's exciting love life. "Let's get him! This is the c*** who turned down Madonna."*

WORLD OF INFERIORS (Part 94)

HALLO! SIR NICK Lloyd, editor of the *Daily Express*, and his larger than life other three-quarters Eve Bollard, editor of the *Sunday Express* — known jointly as the FreeLloyders — may after all be intending to make available to distressed Express Group staff the so-called "*Sunday Express* South of France House", the Marquesa can reveal.

Bought by the FreeLloyders earlier this year (for considerably less than milady claimed they had spent), the search for the property and the obtaining of all manner of advice about decoration and furnishings was ably conducted by enthusiastic *Sunday Express* staff.

The latest acquisition for the property (and Hallo! says "acquisition" for items have a curious way of coming to the FreeLloyders without any money changing hands) is a batch of 60 deckchairs, presumably for informal musical evenings in the *jardin* (which is sometimes unattended during their visits, much to Eve's chagrin, because Sir Nick has found that the gardener shares his passion for golf).

While awaiting their invitations to visit the FreeLloyders in Provence, *Sunday Express* staff are bracing themselves for a lifestyle feature on garden furniture.

PS: Locals are mystified by the appearance of several cans of swanky Jocasta Innes paint (unused) at the local municipal dump. How ever did they end up there?

HALLO! **LADY Conrad Black, aka the opinionated Barbara Amiel, has many admirers on the London social scene, not least because of her legs and short skirts** (*"her immense skills as a newspaper columnist", shurely?*")

Playfully she told one editor: "If you want my copy... you'll have to come and get it." And one editor who did go and get it, as it were, was our old friend Andrew Neill, late of Tramp and the *Sunday Times*.

Neill appreciates an intelligent woman, and he "poached" Barbara from the daily *Times* **to appear in his own soaraway organ. For some reason when he did so the then editor of the** *Times*, **Simon Jenkins, put up little by way of a fight.**

Indeed, when Jenkins announced the sad news of Barbara's departure to the features desk, a loud cheer rang out. Two weeks later Neill rang Jenkins. He said simply: "You bastard". Whatever can it all mean?

"I understand you're an Egyptologist"

HALLO! *ALLO! Whom should I meet skipping through South Kensington but charming couturier Jean-Paul Gaultier! Successful for so many years and still a natural blond!*

But he can be so cruel! He and his handsome coterie were guffawing viciously at some young men sporting kilts, fashionable nowadays in Earls Court, I understand. (Although why Australians should want to wear kilts I don't know.)

But exactly who was it who re-introduced kilt-wearing for the fashion-conscious male at last summer's Paris shows? Why, ahem, Jean-Paul Gaultier!

HALLO! **MY DEAR friends Mogens and Paola Tholstrup (distant cousins of the delightful Mariella, I'm told), owners of the delightful London eaterie Daphne's, tell me how hard it is earning a crust in the restaurant business these days.**

Quite apart from the cooking and the customers, there are also tatty newspapers like the *Daily Mail* **to contend with.**

When the *Mail* **rang Daphne's to say it would be running an item alleging that a customer had contracted salmonella poisoning from the restaurant, Mogens decided he had to staunch the flow of poison — not from his kitchen and staff, which are immaculate, but from the Associated rag. On the night of publication he despatched his waitresses, each armed with £10, to buy up all copies of the** *Mail* **in newsagents in the Chelsea, Knightsbridge and South Kensington areas from which he draws most of his snooty custom.**

Sadly, the grubby hacks got wind of the plan and the circulation department was tipped off to increase deliveries to these outlets. Not only did Mogens fail to stop this monstrous propaganda being disseminated, but he also contributed considerably to Lord Rothermere's fat profits.

HALLO! **HEARTWARMING NEWS for fans of the hugely gifted Mariella Frostrup, whose provocative current affairs column in the** *Sunday Times* **has been cruelly dropped in favour of the even more gifted Taki Lotofcokeupthenos.**

"The sexiest voice on TV" can be heard next month lending her post-coital purr to an exciting new video which blows the lid off the tawdry advertising industry.

It is a fitting job for a leading *Sunset Times* **columnist: called** *Sex Sells*, **the tape cobbles together a lot of knickers and knockers ads that are too saucy for British TV. As the Murdoch rag found, however, the truth is that sex** *doesn't* **always sell..**

HALLO! THE Hon Christopher Monckton, a graduate of Mrs T's home policy unit, has been having the sort of business problems that he used to lecture everyone else about.

Via the Beechwood Clothing Company, founded by his wife, he was supplying shirts to the mail-order outfit Charles Tyrwhit until there was a problem about credit terms and Christopher felt obliged to put Tyrwhit into receivership.

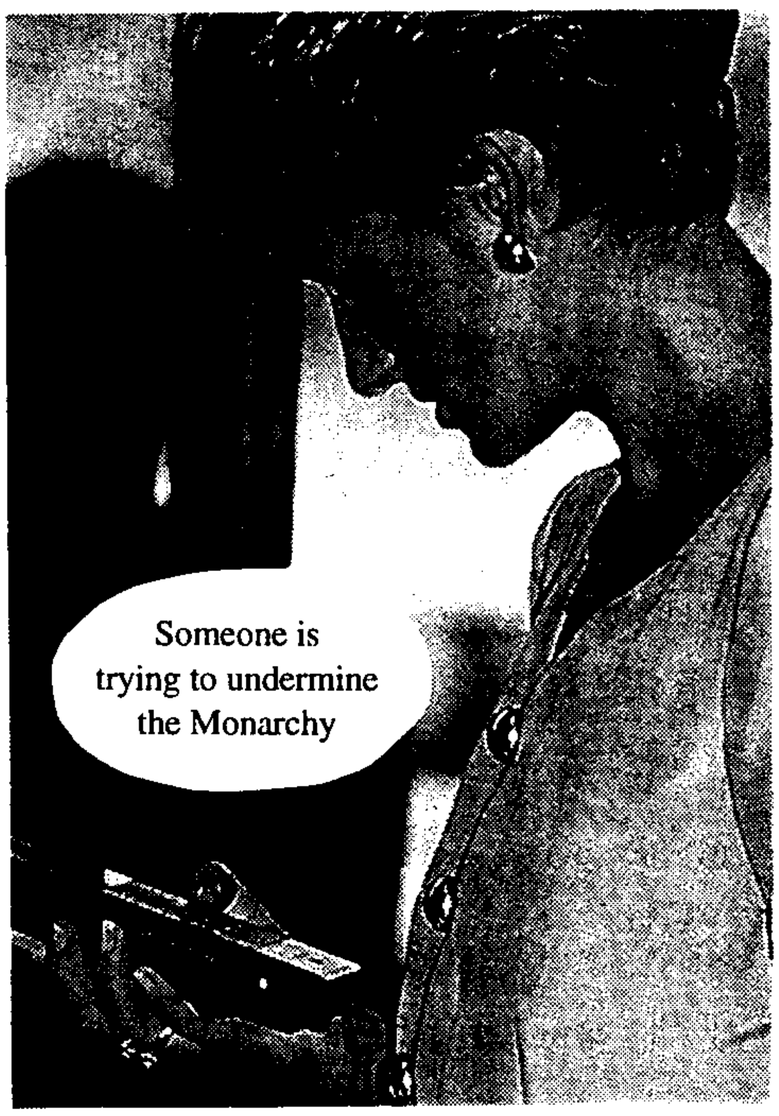
This mystified Tyrwhit's bankers, who regarded the firm as solvent and sold it back to its original principals! Undeterred, "Free Enterprise" Christopher has issued a writ against the old company claiming £2.34 million in lost business over the next 12 months. Who said Thatcherism was dead?

HALLO! *WE ARE salivating over an invitation next month to a brilliant "do" at the Chiswell Street Brewery, where the wines are specially famous and the food delicious — if a trifle expensive.*

However, our hosts, British Coal, have spared no expense for the feast, which is by way of a big thank you to all the British Coal managers who have worked so hard over the last year to close down all their mines.

I'll be sitting down with 230 British Coal bosses, and I'll have to look out my best frock because they will all be in black tie, which is strangely appropriate for a coal dinner. Not only is British Coal paying for the meal, but I gather the managers will all be put up in first class hotels, also at British Coal's expense.

What more proof is needed that the coal industry is booming and Britain is in the middle of a recovery?



'Backbiter' is in Tuscany

ON THE RAILWAYS

Like Bob Horton at Railtrack, Peter Ford is a remarkable choice to run London Underground. He hit the headlines briefly in 1987 when he was chairman of the P&O subsidiary responsible for the ferry, Herald of Free Enterprise, which capsized at Zeebrugge with such tragic results. He dealt with the media inquiries at the time — and immediately endeared himself to bereaved families with his tactful comments to the press.

One of his biggest problems was the number of casualties. After long years of miscounting and overloading, no one at P&O had the faintest idea how many people were on board the ferry. Ford could hardly admit this ignorance, so he stuck to the number he first thought of.

He told the *Daily Telegraph*: "We know the number of people who travelled on the ferry because we double-count everybody and there were 543 on the ship. It is possible there may be a few who were hiding behind a car seat or were in the back of a lorry and were missed, but no more than a few." This brilliant analysis enabled Ford to estimate the number of casualties at 70. In fact there were 194.

Ford was also criticised for claiming that named passengers had survived before he could possibly have known for certain that they were safe. When Kent police protested, he told them: "We are in the business of reassuring people. We want to give as much good news as we can as soon as we can. If we tell 100 people that their relatives are safe and in 10 cases we are wrong, then that is unfortunate. We have upset 10 people but they would have been unhappy anyway. But we have at least made 90 people happy at an early stage."

This tactful observation was vigorously denied by Ford at the time, but the families saw it in the police report and reproduced it in their book *Zeebrugge — Learning from Disaster* (1993).

Ford was part of the ferry company management described by Mr Justice Sheen after a public inquiry as sloppy from top to bottom. Who better to run London Underground at a cost to the taxpayer of £150,000 a year, plus perks?

THE signal workers' dispute has led to all sorts of unseemly rows between Railtrack and British Rail.

The extra time spent putting up train crews who have been displaced by the strike has led to some hefty invoices from BR to Railtrack. One was for £3,093 for 137 hours apparently worked at Paddington by one R. Vranch, a clerk of works, on train crew accommodation.

This led to an angry memo from David Beynon, project manager of the Paddington station development (the Heathrow Express) to the finance manager of BR Projects. Beynon sent back the invoice with a curt note: "I cannot accept charges for 137.5 hours work for the four-week period to 23 July, 1994. This equates to 34 hours per week and R. Vranch was not employed at Paddington on the Train Crew Accommodation job for anything like that length of time. Would you please let me have a revised bill?"

AGGRAVATING signal workers isn't the only trick up the sleeve of Railtrack, the state-owned authority which has been told to make a profit so the Tories can sell Britain's rail infrastructure before the next general election.

This autumn Railtrack plans to be ruthless with leaves on the line, too. Instead of sending out the usual trains to sweep the lines clear, it will send out the chainsaws.

In the York area, for instance, one group of mature lime trees — a local feature and home to rare owls — is set for the chop, and householders have been warned that Bob Horton's heavies have the right to march into anyone's back garden without warning and hack down trees they believe could cause problems on the rails.

In just five months, Railtrack has managed to show just what the government meant when it said privatisation would make rail managers more responsive to local needs.

QUANGO NEWS

PROFESSOR John Catford earned £80,000 a year as chief executive of the discredited Health Promotion Wales quango. In addition he enjoyed foreign trips of dubious benefit to Welsh health, had an extra-marital affair and pocketed £3,000 in fiddled expenses.

A belatedly released district office service report has asked for 26 other trips to be taken into consideration. A second officer at HPW has now been recommended for disciplinary action, and 14 others have received "questionable payments" totalling £18,000.

HPW chairman John Davies tried to keep the findings of the report secret, and put pressure on whistleblower David Griffiths to quit. As Mr Griffiths, still Gwent's educational director, put it: "This report is a damning indictment of what is going on and international travel is just one item of a much larger affair."

QUANGO REINHARDT

Pseuds Corner

With a well-judged kick on my right blade I shoot out into the Knightsbridge traffic. Slimline wheels kiss the hot Tarmac, hiss as I pick up speed. There's a boorish blare of horn from an oncoming Mercedes. Expensive heads turn and stare. Flick-turning on the front wheel of my other skate, I execute a perfect power slide, plant a wristguard on the Mercedes bonnet and do a back-flip, landing with my wheels *on the windscreen*, **just inches from the appalled driver's face.**

Centripetal force keeps my body stable and moving. I skate off the glass, spin on to the road and accelerate away against the flow of traffic. As an afterthought, I turn to jab a casual finger at the shocked Mercedes owner. He's just recovering control of his mouth, working to phrase the obscenities that I'll never hear. His gape is matched by the round eyes of his girl passenger as she watches my lean, superior body twist off — so you, so free — towards Edinburgh Gate, Hyde Park's mouth.

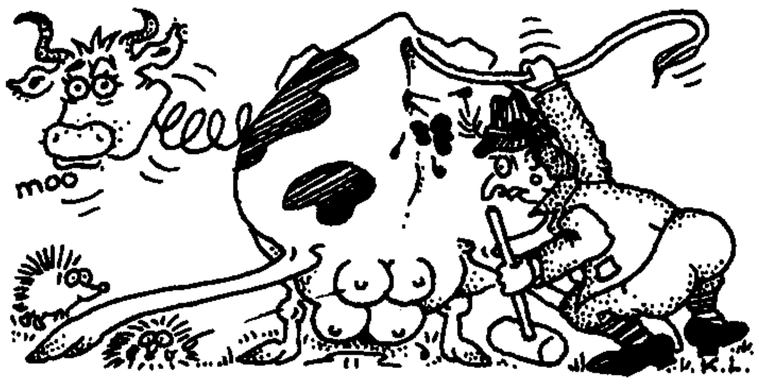
ALEX RENTON
Evening Standard Magazine

Keith and me, 1994. Bourbon in hand, switchblade in his boot, guitar across his back, and the law at his heels — Keith Richards is rock 'n' roll.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Picture Caption in 'Faithfull'

It may look very easy to do, just putting dots all over a large white wall, but in fact it is incredibly complicated. The paint has to float, yet it also has to give meaning to the great spaces and make the sombre and beautiful concrete sing. Each dot must be as exact as a single note in a Bach solo cello sonata, and my most favourite composers are woven into the work as well as birdsong and the vibrant hum of conversation when the foyer is full of people. Of course, it is impossible to illustrate music, but I have striven to paint a parallel path through the same jungle of creative endeavour.

POLLY HOPE
Barbican Centre newsletter



I've been working with udders for about two years now. The idea is simple. It's about disruption. I've been interested in the way that the cow is reduced to nothing more than a milk-producing machine, an udder, a ball. An udder has four teats and reduces down to four individual balls. Croquet seemed an obvious metaphor.

DOROTHY CROSS
Independent

The truth of the matter is that while English culture may be moribund when considered in isolation, suspended like some bisected bovine in the formaldehyde of cultural criticism, the reality is that it positively pullulates with invention and polymorphous perversity.

WILL SELF
Guardian Weekend

Dining in the garden last week we heard, from the surrounding hills, the desperate sound of cows crying out for the calves that have been taken from them — a not unusual sound at this time of the summer. But this year, after Abbie Humphries, Lucy could not stand it.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE
Sunday Telegraph

I believe that advertising is one of the most powerful forces of expression we have, whether it is our thoughts and emotions, or those of a client. Any concept presented to a creative director will say something about the creative people working on it. It could show a hidden anger, a rebellion, a desperate desire to prove themselves, or just a desire to give up and go home.

GRAHAM FINK
Campaign

CONTRIBUTORS: W. Holt, M. Heath, M. Foster, K. Losowsky, Everyone, D. Gibberd, M. Lunn.

£10 paid for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

DOUGLAS, capital of the Isle of Man, was once described by John Betjeman as the Naples of the North.

He wrote of the "noble sweep" around the bay from Douglas Head to Onchan Head, and the first part of this noble sweep is made architecturally memorable by a continuous and consistent line of painted bay-fronted stuccoed buildings defining Loch Promenade — laid out in the 1870s and named after Governor Loch.

Horse-drawn trams still move along this gentle curve of robust and characterful Victorian terraces, and there is nothing like this vista in any other seaside resort in the British Isles. In any civilized community such a distinctive architectural conception would be cherished and enhanced. But this is the Isle of Man, the home of funny money, and next month a huge gaping hole will appear in the Promenade when the Villiers is demolished — with the backing of the island's authorities.

Now it must be understood that Manxmen are, rightly, proud of their island's independence and peculiarity. Except when there is a world war on, when Man's ancient liberties are instantly extinguished by the British government before you can say Nikolaus Pevsner, the Isle of Man flatters itself that it can ignore inconvenient United Kingdom legislation and concentrate on the primary task of making money by being an offshore tax haven.

As with birching and buggery, the island does not conform with the legislation protecting historic buildings in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Only recently were conservation areas introduced; only recently was a register of historic buildings established — and this has little effect as the body which decides on such matters, the island's planning committee, also promotes the new developments which tiresome old buildings so often inhibit; the gamekeeper being officially poacher, as it were.

The Loch Promenade is, incredibly, not a conservation area and the poor old Villiers is, naturally, not on the register. The hotel was designed by W.J. Rennison, architect of Stockport and subsequently of Douglas, and built in 1876-79 by Charles Udall, an accomplished hotel builder who decided to stay on the island following a holiday there. Once the largest hotel in Douglas, the Villiers closed in the late 1980s.

It might have reopened: Old Chelsea Property Ltd bought up all the other hotels between Victoria Street and Regent Street and hoped to create a mixed development of a new hotel, shops and offices behind the existing facades. But the island's idiotic department of tourism, while subsidising trashy new hotels, declined to give a grant to this scheme as it would not be an entirely new building.

Now this huge site has been sold on to AXA Equity & Law International, which wants to build a new office block. Demolition is planned for September. The doomed buildings, of course, look shabby and derelict, so Coun John Christian, chairman of Douglas's work committee, fatuously can welcome the passing of this "eyesore". "The buildings are in a poor state and the structure is worse" — although no survey has been undertaken to see if this is actually true.

Fortunately, there are some more intelligent Manxmen who care about their island and who realise that if the buildings were repaired and given a lick of paint they could look splendid again. As usual, the Isle of Man Victorian Society is fighting hard for the buildings — arguing that redevelopment behind the facades would be cheaper, quicker, less destructive, less wasteful and, of course, altogether better.

But the island's planning committee wants a good new building on the site: a reasonable desire until you appreciate that Douglas boasts an impressive complement of the worst new architecture to be seen anywhere in the British Isles. The piece of (brick) Post-Modern trash which has replaced the old Peveril Hotel opposite the Sea Terminal shows what is likely to replace the Villiers. Of course, pernicious though the "superstar" system can be, if you really want a good building you go to a good architect. Messrs Equity & Law are employing Mr Steve Tomkins of Haworth Tomkins Architects, of London. Now, for all I know, Mr Tomkins may be a budding genius waiting for the opportunity to do for the island in the 1990s what Baillie Scott did in the 1890s. But as no designs for the new building have been submitted, such confidence seems misplaced.

This is incredible: the authorities in Douglas are content to let a large section of the Promenade be swept away without knowing what is going to rise in its place. This — rightly — could not happen anywhere else in the UK. As fading British seaside resorts like Douglas desperately need to preserve what assets they have, this seems irresponsible, not to say suicidal. For if the Villiers goes, that "noble sweep" of the Promenade must be doomed. But short-term profit comes first as the island's government presses ahead with really making Douglas another Naples: a tight-knit second-rate neo-Thatcherite paradise — so out-of-touch with reality they think progress is only possible by destroying the past.

Those who know how beautiful and special is the Isle of Man can only watch impotently — and weep — as Douglas transforms itself into a living museum of the crassest developments, the worst new buildings and the most vandalistic planning policies to be found anywhere in the British Isles — and that means Ireland as well.

'Piloti'

SALLY DEEDES

PROFESSOR Robert Green of north London is a rare fellow indeed. Apart from his mortgage, which he pays regularly every month, he has never had a debt in his life. But try telling that to the Stasi-like credit ratings agencies who have decided to blackball him.

Two years ago Professor Green let out his house in Turkey to a couple whose holiday was ruined when bad weather knocked out the electricity supply. Although he tried through various agencies to have the power restored and offered alternative accommodation, the couple returned home early and demanded compensation.

Professor Green felt he had done all in his power to put matters straight and, rightly or wrongly, declined to pay. He was then taken to a small claims court, which found in the couple's favour and ordered Professor Green to hand over £400 compensation.

He was disgruntled but paid up — and this is when the trouble started.

Not long after, he applied for a Visa credit card and was amazed, given his past credit worthiness, to be turned down. He wrote to the Cooperative Wholesale Bank, who had declined his application, asking for the name of the credit reference agency it had used. (Under the consumer credit act 1974, the bank is obliged to supply this information if it is requested within 28 days of the application being refused.)

In return for a £1 fee, Professor Green then received his file from CCN Systems, one of the four main CRAs in Britain. To his astonishment, it contained completely inaccurate information about him and his financial history.

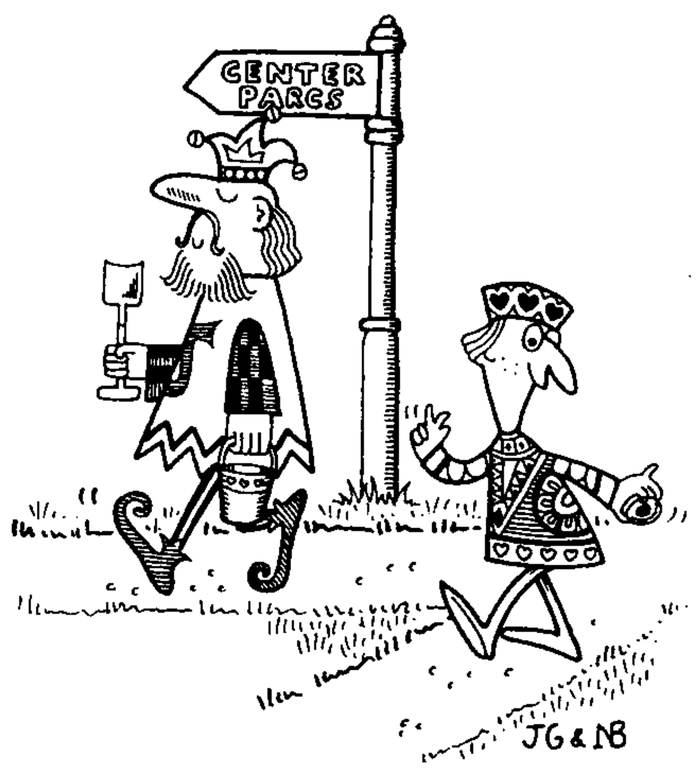
Appalled, he contacted the other agencies to see what nonsense they would drum up on his financial past, and the results confirmed his worst fears. One agency regurgitated the same wrong information; the second had found a fresh gaggle of creditors, none of whom Professor Green had ever heard of, and the third described him as a "married female".

Professor Green had imagined that circulating false information that may be damaging constitutes a libel. But it would appear that until the law is changed credit reference agencies can do so with impunity.

The court judgment against the professor will remain on the CRA file, but the fact that he paid the compensation in full and before the due date is *not* registered. To put the record straight, he wrote to a body called the Registry Trust requesting a "certificate of satisfaction"; but it demanded proof that he had paid — difficult if you have paid with a building society cheque and do not have a stub.

The judgment therefore remains, suggesting to anyone inquiring into the professor's credit rating that he is a "dodgy character". The CRA is not bound by law to publish a correction, nor does it have to justify the misinformation it circulates. You can take the matter to the director-general of fair trading — but don't try to get a mortgage in the interim.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



The Knave of Hearts he stole some tarts
All on a summer's day.
They packed him off to Centre Parcs
To show crime doesn't pay.

TV

Richard Littlejohn — Live And Uncut

(LWT)

THE importing of programme formats from America becomes ever more marked in British television.

In the next few months the afternoon schedules will be disfigured by the first home-made versions of the Oprah Winfrey confrontation talk shows, in which a thematic set of guests — Women Who Are Overweight But Sexy or Men Who Have Sex With Their Sister-In-Laws — are screamed at in the studio by spokespeople for pressure groups or support groups.

However, there are already concerns that the English versions — Esther Rantzen on the BBC, Vanessa Feltz on ITV — will suffer from the reticence of the English and the relative unwillingness of victims to wear their identifying oddities on their sleeves or tee-shirts.

Similar problems have already been met by another attempt to transplant an American format: **Richard Littlejohn — Live And Uncut on LWT**. This is an attempt to create in British television domestic equivalents to the "shock jocks" — ugly, vulgar and virulently right-wing broadcasters — who have been the most significant media development in the US in recent years.

In opposition to what they regard as the tyranny of "political correctness" and Clintonism, broadcasters like Howard Stern and Rush Limbaugh make millions of dollars a year for saying what they insist has become unsayable about welfare, race, homosexuality, Aids and the president.

When, with simultaneous "inspiration", both LWT and Sky One decided to bring the same kind of voice to this country's airwaves, they both chose Richard Littlejohn. (The Sky show is reportedly still starting later this year, despite the departure of its creator, Kelvin MacKenzie.)

For what was required, he seemed the perfect choice. Littlejohn's column in the *Sun* had long been a kind of print equivalent of the "shock jock": the "horror columnist". In one of his recent pieces for the tabloid, Littlejohn confessed that his literary inspiration was the Michael Douglas character in *Falling Down*: a white middle-class resident of LA, who, one day, decides he "ain't gonna take it no more", and goes on a wild shooting spree against all the deviants and ethnics who irritate him.

Whatever Littlejohn himself ain't gonna take no more, it certainly isn't Prozac. His LWT show began excitably with look-at-me attacks on lesbian mothers, loony left councils and other barn-door targets familiar from his column. The show's publicists desperately promoted it in the early weeks on the basis of how many letters of complaint there had been. Littlejohn similarly honed his "The Man Who Makes You Gag" persona.

Last Friday night's show, though, was an interesting illustration of the great homogenising power of British television. For a start, the American "shock jocks" are crucially rooted in a culture obsessed with the first amendment right to freedom of speech. All Stern's and Limbaugh's tirades against the political correctness of the country ignore the fact that its constitutional terror of suppressing comment allows people such as them to become millionaires through political correctness.

Britain has no constitution and, in the form of its reduced but still surviving regulation of commercial television, effectively operates restraint of speech laws. There has been some pleasure in watching how effectively Littlejohn has been nobbled over the few weeks of his LWT show, encouraged by LWT to become ever more responsible and professional.

Last Friday's programme had a tiny bit of edge and danger, in the form of the parents of a woman killed by a released schizophrenic, who screamed from the audience at a couple of psychiatric professionals such contributions as: "Will you wake up, you dangerous do-gooder!... what fucking care in the community?"

Littlejohn, though, had become the professional host, restoring order in the studio. "I'm going to get serious now," he announced, putting on a sub-Esther expression of sincerity, when introducing the schizophrenia debate. Like an undiscovered Cockney Dimbleby brother, he pleaded with unruly members of the audience to settle down. "Please, Mrs Sullivan, I'm only doing Greg the courtesy of letting him finish..." Like a John Humphreys with rougher vowels, he asked the healthcare professionals solid questions like: "Are we getting the balance right?"

In short, big Dick had moved from offence to the fence. The decisive moment came when, reading out a fax from a viewer, which included the phrase "the local nutter", he added "in her phrase". In Littlejohn's *Sun* column, that would have been his phrase.

For as long as it remains regulated, British television remains an effective leveller of at least some American formats. Look out, Esther and Vanessa. Instead of Men Who Have Sex With Their Sister-In-Laws, you may be trying to stir up controversy from Men Who Collect Model Soldiers.

'Square Eyes'

O·B·N

So who are the nicest people in Britain? We asked eight celebrities to name, off the top of their heads but in order, their favourite five.

Jeffrey Archer: John Major, Tim Rice, Colin Cowdrey, Patricia Rawlings (MEP), Peter Riddell (*Times* journalist).

Daily Telegraph

CONTRIBUTOR: A. Post

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

MEDIA NEWS

WITHIN a week of hiring Lynn Franks PR to massage media coverage of Radio One's ratings plunge, the BBC has had its first success.

Andy Coulson, the increasingly desperate Gary Bushell protégé and *Sun* pop columnist, has become the first hack to be tempted by the agency's use of licence fee money to silence criticism.

A panel has been hastily cobbled together consisting of Coulson, lost-his-touch DJ Steve Wright, singer Dina Caroll and six *Sun* readers. The group will "attend Radio 1FM executive board meetings to present ideas for getting the much criticised station back on the rails.".

Theoretically, when the nine meet with ultra-Birtist controller Matthew Bannister next month, and again in December, they will be able to influence programming policy (before wandering off to the "top pop concert as VIP guests" which the PR people have lined up).

Bannister and his boss Liz Forgan already have access to plenty of feedback courtesy of the BBC's own in-house audience research department. Indeed, staff there have been providing detailed explanations for the station's ratings collapse, but as the people most responsible for the mess Radio One is now in, Bannister and Forgan aren't interested in this material at all.

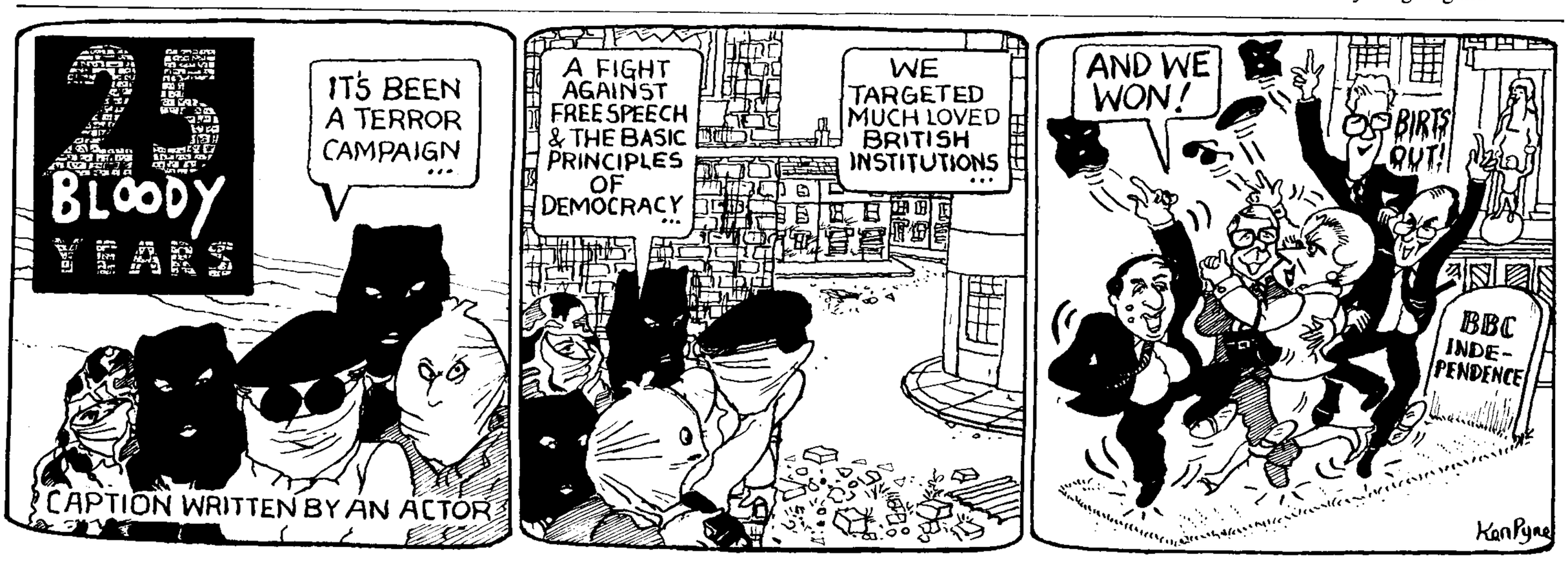
A totally unrepresentative panel, which will get lots of positive hype in the *Sun*, is a much more attractive prospect — even at the rates charged by Lynn Franks.

DESPITE Rupert Murdoch's decision to remove the BBC from his Hong Kong-based Star service and threaten legal action to prevent the voice of Birt being beamed to the Middle East, senior executives at Broadcasting House remain enthralled by their supposed rivals at BSkyB.

Their latest capitulation is the decision to "share" cricket coverage with the satellite channel. The BBC refuses to say how much of its licence fee revenue will be paid to help prop up Sky, citing commercial confidentiality, but the corporation does concede that it will pay the larger share of the £58 million due to be handed over to the Test and County Cricket Board. The BBC's justification for the deal is "market forces".

This attitude is based on an uncritical acceptance of BSkyB's propaganda. For the market — ie what viewers actually watch — has hardly changed at all. Dish sales are falling, projections of the maximum number of satellite viewers are being slashed and the terrestrial channels appear to be more than holding their own. The BBC should try calling the collective bluff of the governing bodies for the various sports under contract, by refusing to bail out BSkyB.

The licence fee-funded BBC has done deals with Sky covering cricket, the FA cup, premiership and England internationals, as well as rugby union. Whereas the much more market-oriented ITV and Channel 4 have refused to become involved with BSkyB for the soundest of commercial reasons: only the satellite station has anything to gain.


25 BLOODY YEARS
IT'S BEEN A TERROR CAMPAIGN...
CAPTION WRITTEN BY AN ACTOR
A FIGHT AGAINST FREE SPEECH & THE BASIC PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY...
WE TARGETED MUCH LOVED BRITISH INSTITUTIONS...
AND WE WON!
BIRTS OUT!
BBC INDE-PENDENCE
Ken Pyne

MICHAEL GRADE, the head of Channel 4, has attacked David Elstein, BSkyB's superb director of programmes, following the latter's success in outbidding C4 for the new Oprah Winfrey talkshow series.

Grade complained bitterly that Sky One's gain was a tremendous loss for the majority of viewers who aren't prepared to buy a satellite dish. But is this really so? Despite the meagre 29 percent drop in Sky One's ratings this year, could grabbing Oprah turn out to be a rare slip in Elstein's programming judgement?

Winfrey's ratings have collapsed in the United States and led to bitter recriminations at her production company and the sacking of her senior producer. Her decline has been less apparent on this side of the Atlantic because C4 has carefully rationed her appearances to two or three slots a week. Sky One plans daily screenings, even though the show has failed to find enough guests or topics to sustain such wall to wall interest in the US.

IN SPITE of one of the highest budgets for any "community" programme, Channel 4's gay slot "Out" still has the amateur feel of being made on a shoestring. Perhaps all the indie producers involved are passing on their dosh to impoverished community groups?

The opening programme in the new series featured an endless slot on the "pink pound", an original and previously unexplored phenomenon. (See *Sunday Times*, *FT*, *Independent*, *Mirror*, *Sun*, *Penge Observers* passim ad infinitum.)

But the centre of the piece was interviews with "entrepreneur" Peter Cummings, managing director of *Phase* magazine. He talked about "new markets", "building business", "targeting the future", etc, etc.

But why, you might ask, haven't we seen his *Phase* title on news-stands if he's so successful? Erm, it went bust two weeks before "Out" was broadcast, owing £200,000.

I-BSkyB

He leapt on to the bed, seizing his wife in a strong embrace.

She turned towards him, searching beneath the covers, and eagerly grabbed... the TV remote control.

For the only thing that turns on David French's wife Diane is to tune into QVC — the home shopping channel.

● Viewers who subscribe to Sky's £6.99 a month multi-channel package can simply dial the freephone number 0800 504030, and order everything from car polish to a three-piece suite.

TIM SPANTON
News of the World

CONTRIBUTOR: Carl Puttnam

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

THE BBC's thought police are catching up with hacks who criticise their masters in public.

The latest to be nobbled is television news veteran Charles Wheeler, a long-time Washington correspondent and still going strong in his seventies as a *Newsnight* reporter and presenter.

Wheeler has been an energetic critic of the thuggery and incompetence at the top in the news and current affairs "directorate". During one strike over pay he joined the picket line and publicly berated Robert Kilroy-Silk, the former Labour MP who fancies himself as a working journalist, for crossing it.

But Wheeler has fallen strangely silent. Is it true that a new clause has been added to his latest contract, stipulating that he must not criticise his employers and, if he does, his contract will be invalid and he will not get another?

Wheeler's fellow rebel, the equally eminent Mark Tully, refused to accept such a gagging clause after his "climate of fear" speech and resigned.

HACKWATCH
THE DAILY HELLOGRAPH

IN A famous article on 31 December 1992, the *Daily Telegraph*'s proprietor, Conrad Black, launched "a personal offensive against the efforts of the long-skirt brigade to kill off the short skirt." Women such as his wife Barbara Amiel, who had "worked hard to maintain the shape and tone of their legs", should be encouraged to "emphasise or reveal becoming shapes and curves".

His newspapers have taken the hint — not least because it chimes in with Max Hastings' determination to turn the *Torygraph* into a daily version of *Hello!* magazine, packed with articles about "celebrities" and photos of gorgeous pouting glamourpusses. And, as the following survey reveals, the recent spate of phew-what-a-scorcher weather has given both the *Telegraphs* more excuses than ever before to expose "shapes" and, indeed, "curves".

8 May: According to a full-page feature in the *Sunday Telegraph*, 1940s styles are coming back. This is illustrated by a picture of a model revealing her stocking tops, and two more models in bikinis.

15 May: An interview in the *Sunday Telegraph* with the former nude model Pamela Green includes a large photograph of la Green "in her pomp" — ie stark naked with the sun glinting on her jutting, sea-spattered breasts.

29 May: Even the *Sunday Telegraph*'s crusty old Mandrake column is entering into the spirit, with a nude photograph of Barbara Skelton, "the writer and *femme fatale*", showing her breasts. In the paper's news section, half a page is devoted to an important news story about... Page Three girls. An accompanying picture treats readers to the sight of Jilly Johnson's shapely legs.

BARBARA AMIEL: This picture has very little to do with the accompanying article — but we like it.

19 June: A long *Sunday Telegraph* review of "this summer's beach books" is illustrated by a photo of a sunbathing woman in a micro-bikini.

23 June: "On a sizzling beach a brilliant swimsuit will shine," opines the *Daily Telegraph*'s fashion hackette Hilary Alexander. To clinch the argument, she shows us a skimpily-clad model with her arms draped round two hunky beach-boys in wetsuits. On another page, a feature about "men only clubs" has a close-up photo of a stripper's crotch being thrust into a man's face.

24 June: An article about Victoria Sellers, daughter of Peter, is embellished with a photo of the starlet in a revealing swimsuit, lounging elegantly beside a pool.

26 June: A "summer reading" feature in the *Sunday Telegraph*, where "our regular reviewers recommend the books they've enjoyed most so far this year," offers another chance to flash some flesh — a photo of a nearly-nude Marilyn Monroe reading a book, even though none of the books mentioned in the feature is about her. "Marilyn Monroe shows how it's done," the caption explains. Elsewhere in the paper is a news story headed "World Cup Girls Score With Italian Viewers", with a picture of two leggy lovelies. There is also a feature on public relations officers in the fashion industry, which notes that qualifications for the job include "legs up to your elbows" — a point illustrated in the accompanying photo of mini-skirted PR women.

29 June: Yet another *Daily Telegraph* feature about "men only clubs" has a photo of a topless woman wearing a basque and black stockings. Meanwhile, across the top of page three (*sic*) is a news story revealing that "midriff-baring T-shirts" are all the rage. No fewer than four female midriffs are pictured, lest *Telegraph* readers have forgotten what they look like.

30 June: "At least one visitor to Henley Royal Regatta had to adjust her dress yesterday after breaking the strict rule forbidding hemlines above the knee," the *Daily Telegraph* reports. On the principle that a picture is worth a thousand words, the paper shows us the skirt — and the legs — in question.

3 July: "Exotic prints and sizzling reds and golds are complemented by soaring temperatures," claims the *Sunday Telegraph*'s fashion editor. To mark the occasion, more than half the page is filled with a photo of... a scantily-draped woman exposing her thighs.

9 July: The *Daily Telegraph*'s Weekend Arts section carries a two-page spread on new "novels about sex", and helpfully reproduces some of the more lubricious dust-jackets.

11 July: "Stores can hardly keep up with the demand for tiny bikinis," reports a gleeful *Daily Telegraph*, which seizes the opportunity to fill most of one page with pictures of leggy, busty models showing off "itsy bitsy" two-pieces.

15 July: The *Daily Telegraph* reports on the wedding of Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones. The accompanying pictures concentrate on the two guests wearing the shortest skirts, Princess Di and Sophie Rhys-Jones, both showing plenty of leg.

16 July: The Peterborough column reports that the Eve Club is to reopen, "reviving an era of dancing girls and twanging braces". To emphasise the point, it carries a picture of three bikini-clad women being pawed by a couple of dinner-jacketed men.

19 July: A big news story about the royal premiere of *The Flintstones*, next to a picture of one of the guests, supermodel Linda Evangelista, exposing several hectares of thigh in a mini-skirt.

20 July: The Peterborough column laments the passing of the see-through glass staircase at the Joseph clothes emporium in London. "This is bad news for the shop's male customers," it reports. "The sand-blasted glass stairs were well-known for their risque view of short-skirted legs." By way of consolation, Peterborough prints a photo taken from below the stairs, looking up a woman's skirt.

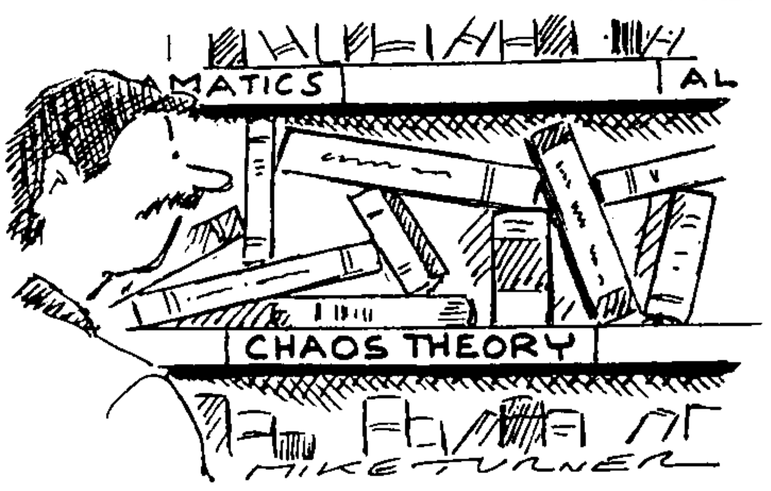
25 July: "This is the shortest summer on record," gasps an excited Hilary Alexander in the *Daily Telegraph*. She is, naturally, talking about hemlines. Equally naturally, she finds space for a few more pictures of women's legs.

1 August: "Our cups runneth over" announces a *Daily Telegraph* headline. Yes, "from AA to C, women are taking the plunge and copying supermodels and their super-bosoms". The article is decorated with several photographs of super-bosoms, in all their ripe amplitude.

2 August: The health page offers advice on how to cope if you fall ill on holiday. For some reason, it is illustrated by a huge photo of a woman in a high-cut swimsuit sticking her bottom and legs in the air.

6 August: A long news feature on the holiday price war, complete with a photo of sun-seeking women wearing brief bikini-bottoms.

8 August: "They are high, strappy, spiky and sexy." Yup, it's time for a full-page feature on stiletto heels. In one of the photos, a model lies on the floor and waves her naked, stiletto-wearing legs in the air; in another, we are treated to a luxuriant expanse of thigh and bottom. There are also, inevitably, stocking-tops aplenty. So much more interesting than boring old news, don't you think?



MUSIC & MUSICIANS

NOW the Arts Council has buried its latest review of orchestras, "Hoffman 2", what's the game plan for the South Bank centre, where official policy has always been to create a "Berlin Philharmonic on the Thames"?

The advance publicity of orchestras operating there in the 1994/5 season is illuminating. For while the Philharmonia Orchestra is promoting 39 concerts, the "Abominable" Snowman's resident band, the London Philarmonic (LPO), is able to mount only 21 in its "international series", boosted by a further 10 low-budget, low-brow "Classics for Pleasure" programmes. Even the "Cinderella" orchestra, the much-abused but still excellent Royal Philharmonic (RPO), is planning 25.

The statistics are surprising given the much vaunted residency contract between the South Bank and the LPO, which required the orchestra to promote 50 concerts each season. The belief was that the number and quality of the LPO's concerts would be enhanced at the expense of the other users of the hall, but the reverse has happened: there has been financial misery, artistic decline and a steady reduction in concerts from the LPO while the Philharmonia and RPO have operated as successfully as before.

At the Barbican, meanwhile, the RPO is upsetting the resident orchestra, the LSO, by promoting a further 22 concerts with the active support of the Barbican's management.

LSO boss "Lovejoy" Gillinson is doing all he can to prevent the RPO's Diaghilev series and the opera performances with the legendary Kirov company from taking place at the centre. It will be interesting to see if the Barbican's new boss, Kenneth Richardson, late of Covent Garden, can resist Gillinson's bully boy tactics. The omens are not good as Richardson has already cancelled the "Great Orchestras of the World" series for 94/95, presumably as there is only one great orchestra, the LSO. Richardson's number two, Louise Mitchell, has had enough and is off to the LPO as administrator — where she will have to contend with the ambitions of the "Abominable" Snowman.

The Arts Council was recently approached for more cash from the perennially broke Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. It lost a fortune on its American tour with outgoing music director Andrew Litton, and has now signed the latest whizzkid, Yakov Kreizberg, as his overpaid successor — much to the chagrin of the homegrown contender, the cuddly Richard Hickox. If BSO types thought the council would cough up as when Birmingham's Sir Simon Rattle called for help for his CBSO, they got a shock when they were told to get straight back on their bikes.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

JUST FANCY THAT

Dame Barbara [Cartland] continues: "There was a period when she [Princess Diana] phoned me every day and asked my advice. I think that was the start of her crisis with Charles."

The Sun

POLICE 5

THERE is no end to the past sins coming back to haunt West Midlands police — and as ever the taxpayer is paying for them.

However, the biggest pay-out so far has passed off almost unnoticed — probably because most of it has gone to lawyers.

Paul Dandy was one of the first cases to reveal the depths of the West Midlands serious crime squad's lies and forgeries. He has already won £70,000 after spending nine months on remand in prison for an armed robbery he did not commit after the squad fabricated his confession.

The police, desperate to avoid a hearing, offered the compensation minutes before the case was due to start — but have been fighting about costs ever since. Now they have lost that case too and have had to cough up a staggering £174,000 to Mr Dandy's lawyers and a similar amount to their own.

That works out at around £450,000 for just one case. Robbing the taxpayer is the real crime in the West Midlands.

BANKERS

WRITS have finally been served against accountants Ernst & Young in the long-running saga of the John S. Bass group (see *Eyes passim*).

Anthony Scrivener, former chairman of the Bar Council, and Manchester barrister Stephen Cogley are instructed and writs have been issued in the high court in London claiming damages for alleged negligence.

The family-owned Bass group was wound-up in 1988 when Barclays, which had been the Bass banker for 80 years, withdrew funding after a negative report from Ernst & Young. The accountancy firm was then appointed joint receiver, a role the Chapman family and their advisers see as a conflict of interest.

Former managing director Barrie Chapman said: "I am delighted that at long last we have got a team prepared to fight my case. My only regret is that it has taken me the best part of six years to get this far."

DOWN ON THE FARM

LAST YEAR Britain's cows rather inconveniently produced 73.4 million litres more milk than Brussels *diktats* permitted under their notoriously complicated milk quota system. This means dairy farmers will have to pay a 28p "fine" on every litre they have produced over the limit.

It seems insane therefore that the chemical giant Monsanto should be seeking a licence for its genetically-produced milk-boosting hormone, BST. Surely the last thing British farmers need is something which *increases* milk yields.

Nor do they really need the diseases which even Monsanto admits are caused by injecting artificial BST. These include loss of body condition, mastitis, reduced pregnancy rates, ovarian cysts, hock and leg damage as well as anaemia.

Given the problems, one might expect the "guardians" of animal health, the British Veterinary Association, to join calls for a ban. Instead, its official line — delivered from the safety of the fence — is that "if BST meets the accepted criteria for the safety, quality and efficacy of a veterinary *medical* product, its use should be authorised".

The vets do come off the fence when they call for the product to be available only on prescription. This would ensure that, if BST is licensed, vets will not only be able to cream off extra fees from treating increased disease, but as monopoly suppliers they would also get a cut from prescribing a product which isn't even a medicine. What price ethics?

SUCH are the ethics of some members of the veterinary profession that they are also happy to carry out wholly unnecessary inspections of animals in Britain's 479 slaughterhouses. At fees of up to £65 an hour they are ripping off the meat industry to the tune of £20 million a year.

A good demonstration of the uselessness of these inspections has been given by Warwickshire vet Julian Marcus, BVet Med, MRCVS, who was recently asked to look at 35 sheep in a pen awaiting slaughter. After clocking up his relatively modest £43 hourly fee — to include his travel time to and from his place of work — he gravely announced that the sheep were fit. In fact one of them had been dead for two hours.

This same vet managed to pronounce 250 sheep and 25 cattle fit for slaughter in a record *15 minutes* — a regime claimed by the Maffia's state veterinary service as "adequate" to pick up suspect BSE animals. Yet on the farm vets sometimes need to inspect individual animals several times over two or three months to determine whether or not they are affected.

Despite this, the vet-dominated Maffia claims vets in slaughterhouses are essential to detect BSE animals. Yet between 1988 and 1993 the majority of the 794 suspects picked up in abattoirs were found by non-veterinary inspectors. Vets only started inspecting in 1993.

If Mr Marcus's skill is typical of the rest of his parasitic colleagues, the Maffia can be confident in looking for a decline in the numbers of BSE animals reported from slaughterhouses. Could this be the real reason for the Maffia's enthusiasm for veterinary inspection?

HOME secretary Michael Howard wants civilians to patrol the streets in an effort to cut crime. This may be because the real police are far too busy working for the ministry of agriculture. This was certainly the case last week when two Knackers raided the Kinross farm owned by Peter Siddons, breeder of the famous "Black Rock" hens.

The "crime" committed by Mr Siddons which necessitated police intervention was that he had refused to allow Maffia vets to carry out regular tests on his hens for salmonella. For this "privilege" he would have had to pay them £5,000 a year.

Mr Siddons, who is 73, has lost money on his business every year since mega-mouth Edwina Currie blabbed about salmonella. Until last year that is, when he finally broke even. But that was only because he had included his and his wife's retirement pension as farm income. The £5,000 sampling fees would have wiped out his precarious existence.

Not only are caring Maffia vets prosecuting Mr Siddons: when they wanted routine information on his business to pursue their case, they did not bother to ask him or his solicitor. Instead they got a warrant which led to the police raiding the farm to seize papers, causing no end of grief.

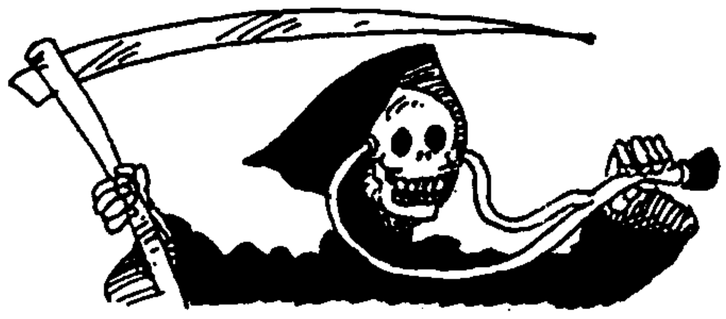
Wherever did we get the idea that the veterinary profession was dedicated to looking after animals?

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE MACDONALD. I'M AT MY WITS' END. THOUGHT I MAY AS WELL LET OLD CYRIL HAVE A GO!
CAN'T BEAT THE TRIED AN' TESTED COUNTRY WAYS YOUR LORDSHIP!
MIND YOU, HE MIGHT NEED A BIT OF HELP WI' THIS ONE! NOW, LET ME SEE...
..USED TO KEEP THE GIN NEXT TO THE CUSTARD POWDER!
ASDA WITHERING



DOING THE ROUNDS

THE government's London implementation group (LIG) is proposing to offer selected (ie: "bad") GPs over 50 the chance to retire early with up to a £143,000 pay off.

Around 160 eligible doctors have been identified and the cost of the scheme could reach £6 million. The idea was conjured up without consultation or consideration of whether "bad" doctors should be so rewarded. "Bad", according to the LIG, are those principally singlehanded GPs working in appalling conditions who are having trouble reaching the unscientific targets set out in the 1990 GPs' contract.

London has already lost 45 percent of its hospital beds since 1979, and if GPs are encouraged to take early retirement without any prospect of replacing them, the future of healthcare in the capital looks bleak. The UK's first 24-hour private emergency GP service, imaginatively titled SOS Doctors, opened for business last week... in London.

● MANAGERS at **New River health authority** have decided they lack the expertise to review casualty services at **Chase Farm** and **North Middlesex hospitals** — so they've paid Price Waterhouse £28,000 to do it.

The review is likely to recommend a "scaling down" of one of the departments. Last year Chase Farm casualty treated 55,000 patients and North Middlesex, 73,000. As one ambulance man said: "We're not coping as it is. If either closed it would be chaos — they will run out of beds in two minutes."

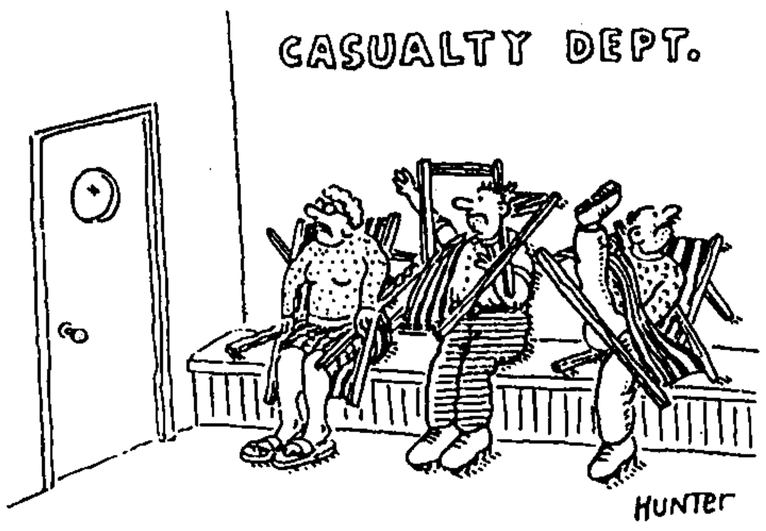
● DR Tariq Ahmed Mian has won a race discrimination case against the NHS after failing to be shortlisted for the post of registrar in public health medicine in **Edinburgh**.

Dr Mian, who qualified in the Punjab and is a British citizen, is one of 6,000 doctors to qualify outside the European Union who practise in the NHS under the GMC's limited registration scheme. If they fail to complete an approved NHS training scheme, they are barred from becoming consultants and risk having their registration withdrawn, yet many fail to get on to approved schemes because they only have limited registration.

Despite attaining two British master of science degrees in public health, Dr Mian was not considered suitable for the six-year training because his registration had only two-and-a-half years to run.

● JOHN REDWOOD, secretary of state for Wales, has finally come up with a scheme to cut the number of NHS managers: he plans to hand over the building, finance and operation of a new £10 million NHS cardiac unit at **Morriston hospital** in **Swansea** to a private company.

Four bids to run the hospital have been received, including those from **BUPA** and a London NHS trust-private hospital partnership. Dr Michael Stevens, director of cardiology at the **University of Wales hospital**, has "grave misgivings". "The treatment of heart disease is complex and lifelong, and the private sector is not geared up to think in that way."



Meanwhile **Portsmouth and Hampshire health commission** is to invite private tenders to build and run an NHS community hospital in **Havant**, and **Plymouth and Torbay health authority** is to do likewise. American healthcare companies are also keen to get a slice of the NHS action, with **London's Royal Marsden** and **Manchester's Christie hospitals** targeted for "joint ventures". **Harrow's Northwick Park hospital** is one of 30 NHS trusts negotiating with **ReLife** of **Birmingham, Alabama** to provide cheaper physio, occupational and speech therapy services.

● "AN individual is entitled to have his or her community care needs professionally and speedily assessed, taking account of the user's own views and those of his or her carers." So boasts Mrs Bottomley's community care charter.

The relatives of Reginald Airey might take issue. Seven weeks after suffering a stroke at the age of 77, Mr Airey was discharged from **Leeds General Infirmary** to a private nursing home against their wishes. He died three months later from under nourishment, infected pressure sores and bronchopneumonia.

Three elderly mentally handicapped women have been moved from **Brynhyffryd hospital** in **Powys** to another hospital 15 miles away against the advice of a clinical psychologist, a therapist and nursing staff. And nationally, two thirds of ward sisters and charge nurses believe patients are discharged from hospital too quickly, often with inadequate care arrangements. Over the last year 40 percent of those surveyed reported an increase in readmission rates.

● SANDRA KNOWLES, general manager at **London's UCL hospitals trust**, has been trying to convince outpatient clerks of the benefits of "multiskilling". The clerks have been asked to take temperatures, pulses and blood pressures, test urine samples and chaperone doctors performing internal examinations on female patients. The clerks have declined.

Meanwhile, director of estates Henry Stanley has written to student nurses to inform them that the recent 16 percent rent rise (*Eye* 851) was a "clerical error" and the real rise will be 10 percent. Last year, the students' wage rise was 0 percent.

● THE **South and West NHS Executive** has sent a completely useless two-page press release praising the appointment of Ian Carruthers as regional director to every GP, dentist, optician and pharmacist in **Dorset**. At the same time, the chair people of the local medical, dental, optical and pharmaceutical committees were summoned to FHSA offices for "a very important and vital meeting". Many cancelled surgeries and appointments to attend... only to be met by the same Ian Carruthers and discover that he is married with a son and daughter, and won county caps for Cumbria in rugby union, cricket and soccer. What a guy.

M.D.

WATER NEWS

EVER keen to win friends and influence people, Yorkshire Water has now taken to releasing clouds of poison gas over its customers.

In Leeds, the chief environmental health officer called Yorkshire Water "environmental morons" after it took two days to stop the escape of foul-smelling gas from its Knostrop sewage works in the city. As the cloud of gas passed over the city on successive nights, thousands of homes were affected, some residents had hospital treatment for stinging eyes and throats, and switchboards of the emergency services were jammed with complaints.

On the same day Yorkshire Water belatedly shut down the plant for checks, it advertised in the local press for a technician at the plant, promising: "The work is varied and will include operation and maintenance of plant and equipment to ensure optimum performance of the UK's most advanced waste treatment facility." Environmental morons need not apply.

WELSH WATER continues to offer its captive customers truly astonishing value for money.

Reading between the lines of its annual report, presented by chairman Iain Evans (annual salary: £99,000) at the recent agm, 1.2 million Welsh householders contribute about £100 a year each — just under half their average bill — to the company's £146 million profits.

The following day, when Ian Byatt, the Ofwat water regulator, announced a permitted price rise for Welsh Water of just 0.5 percent above inflation for the next 10 years, the company's directors promptly announced that investment in cleaning up their filthy water would be cut back.

The limit on price rises now puts pressure on chief executive Graham Hawker and water services director Brian Charles to deliver fat profits for shareholders while appearing to be environmentally friendly. As the National Rivers Authority (NRA) has just announced that it will prosecute Welsh Water for heavy pollution of the beach at Saundersfoot, problems will not go away.

Still, Hawker and Charles can always cheer themselves up by thinking of the £70,000 worth of shares they sold off last year to boost their meagre salaries (more than £130,000).

SATANIC NEWS

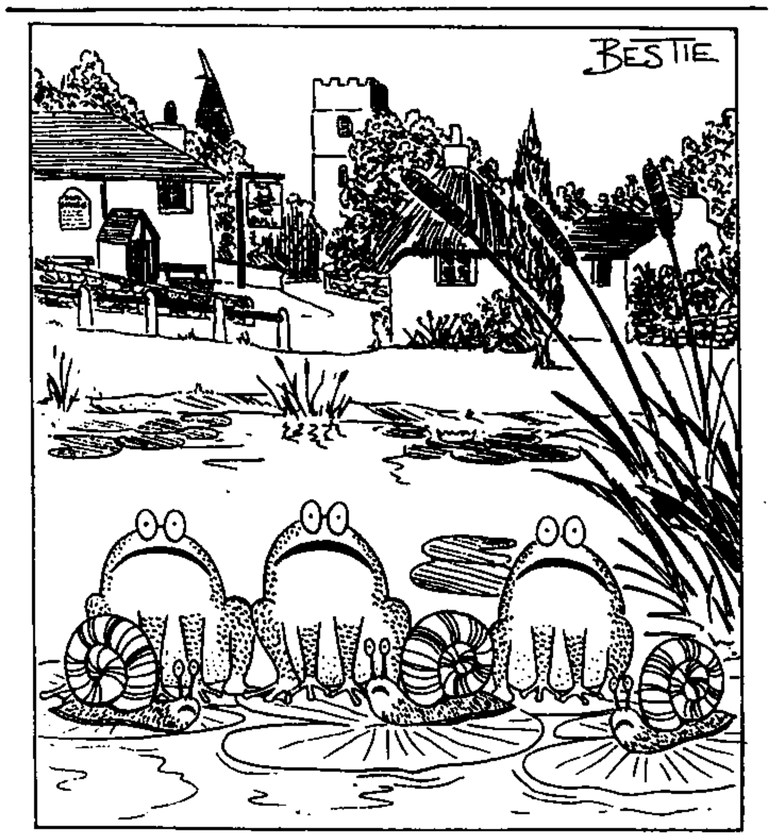
ONE knock-on effect of the incompetence shown by social workers in Rochdale, Nottingham, Orkney, etc, has been the complaint voiced by the National Children's Home (NCH) Action For Children group that children are being let down by the legal system.

The NCH says children who allege that they have been abused feel their allegations now provoke disbelief among police and judiciary. This is not surprising when it is widely known that children in Rochdale and Orkney, for instance, were subjected to interrogations which would have had hardened prisoners of war reaching for their copy of the Geneva convention.

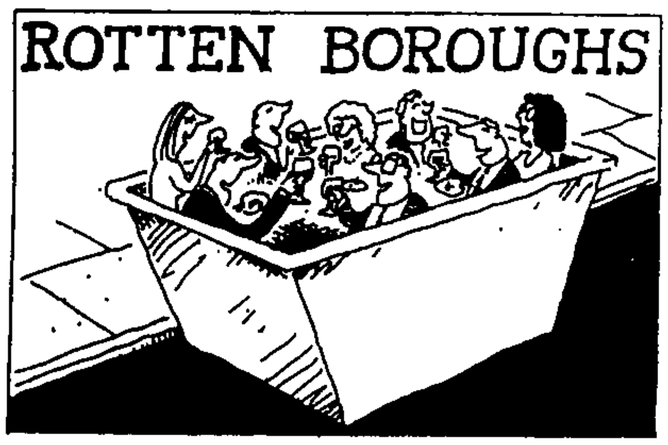
The methods used by Liz McLean of the Royal Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (RSSPCC) and her partner Jeanette Chisholm consisted primarily of interviewing children countless times and constantly repeating allegations until the youngsters, sometimes as young as four, finally agreed with them. The children were often half asleep and usually in tears when they eventually "confessed".

When last heard of McLean and Chisholm were independent advisers in the child abuse field, reputedly being kept busy by referrals from social workers and doctors. If NCH Action For Children and others want to restore credibility to the work they do in combatting real child abuse, they should perhaps dissociate themselves from those whose methods have been the subject of two scathing reports.

The *Eye* predicted nearly two years ago that the result of the social work fiascos of the last three or four years would be a tendency to disbelieve children who really had been abused.



RUMOURS THAT THE TUNNEL WOULD BRING CLOSER LINKS WITH FRANCE SENT PANIC ROUND THE VILLAGE POND



WESTMINSTER

MR Albert Roux is a happy man! Three years ago the celebrated gourmand paid £2.9m for a building in Mayfair's Park Street, close to his modest eaterie Le Gavroche.

But he was dismayed to discover that the site did not have planning permission to become either offices or short term apartments, as he intended. It looked as if Albert's fingers were, for once, well and truly burnt. So imagine his delight when at a planning committee meeting of Westminster Council last week, councillors agreed to his plans in spite of a clear instruction from officers that they would be unlawful.

Their bizarre decision was, of course, entirely unconnected with M Roux's employment of chartered surveyor Martin Jiggens. Jiggens is, quite by coincidence, also a Westminster Conservative councillor and one of the chairmen of, yes, the planning committee.

Jiggens' Tory colleagues argued in M. Roux's favour that they were keen to bring back into use a building in a conservation area. But fifteen minutes later, another Mayfair property owner asked for the planning rules to be bent so he too could bring an empty site back into use. Certainly not, the committee told the applicant. (Who, unwisely it seems, had omitted to employ a Conservative member of the planning committee to act on his behalf.)

Jiggens points out that being paid by a planning applicant is not unlawful if he declares an interest, which he did. Just like taking £1,000 for asking a parliamentary question really.

What he will receive for his contribution to Albert Roux's multi-million pound windfall is secret. But if you're going to put your snout in the trough, a trough owned by Albert Roux will, no doubt, be very tasty indeed.

LAMBETH

IT'S golden handshake time at loony Lambeth — so come on down Keith Scrace!

Until the beginning of this month Scrace was the £50,000-a-year senior assistant director for housing. But not any more. He was suspended last September along with Grant Pettit, a special projects officer, and Sherwyn Alleyne, senior admin officer to the director. The worked in housing department's HQ at Hambrook House, and were alleged to share an unhealthy interest in pornography.

Teetotal Buddhist chief executive Henry Gilby appointed an inquiry panel, composed of three wimmin officers, to look into the allegations. Their findings have not been made public — the public only pays the wages, after all — due in large measure to the very democratic pressure exerted by other senior council officers to keep them secret.

Scrace and the two other officers were widely suspected of trading in mucky videos and magazines at work instead of concentrating on trying to solve the impoverished borough's housing problems. The trio collected close to £100,000 in wages while suspended; and with the costs of the inquiry and covering their posts Lambeth is now £200,000 the poorer.

Scrace has struck a decent leaving deal, however: a £50,000 cheque in his pocket; a healthy pension and a reference to help him in his new career.

ANNA TAPSELL, a joint council leader in loony Lambeth, is in trouble for displaying an altered disabled "orange badge" sticker on her car.

Her car was recently parked outside Lambeth town hall bearing a 1993 disabled sticker which had been altered by pen to read 1995. Obviously Tapsell herself was not the culprit — she has ME or "yuppie flu" — and chief executive Henry Gilbey has set up yet another inquiry: this time into why the senior councillor was displaying a rogue disabled parking sticker and why she couldn't even get the year right! (Ironically Tapsell sits on the social services committee which runs the disabled parking scheme.)

Tapsell is one of three joint leaders in Lambeth, where Tories, Liberal Democrats and Labour run the council on job share lines until they can find a workable coalition partnership.

BIRMINGHAM

WHAT price political correctness? In Birmingham, something of a pioneer in training women to become carpenters and electricians, the answer is £2.5 million and rising.

The Birmingham Women's Workshops were founded nine years ago backed by £700,000 of ratepayers' money in a backwater on the Small Heath industrial estate. The centre, which admits and employs only women, lay forgotten but for the annual cheques from the city council (£2.5 million so far) until a mischievous male auditor checked on the achievements of this major investment and found that only five of the 40 latest graduates had found jobs.

The council probed further and found out why: none of the courses was accredited, so not one of the women attending could gain a proper qualification. What puzzled the investigator was why the courses remained so popular given their obvious and high failure rate.

The answer was soon apparent. The city may not have helped many women become carpenters or electricians, but it had created one of the best lesbian contact networks in the West Midlands. Rather than put a finger in the dyke to stem the flow of money, the council is handing over another year's grant with a limp warning to the workshop to pull its socks up.

TOWER HAMLETS

ALBERT LILLEY, the Labour councillor and former mayor nominated to be a freeman of the City of London by Denis Delderfield of the racist New Britain Party (as revealed by the *Eye*), will not be taking up his post. While placing flowers at a relative's funeral recently he had a heart attack and died.

An interesting by-election is now set for his ward, Shadwell. A Liberal Democrat stronghold until 1986 when Labour won by three votes, the Liberals are now so terrified that their election literature will be accused of pandering to racism that they're taking the sensible option of not producing any.

One party that is sure to take advantage of this opportunity and issue a bold challenge to Labour is, of course, the British National Party whose Derek Beacon lost a neighbouring seat at May's elections.

But perhaps it's just as well the Liberals aren't putting much effort into getting their candidate Richard Roberts elected. When asked on his candidates' application form if he had anything embarrassing to reveal, Roberts confessed to having served time at Her Maj's pleasure for handling stolen goods.

EYE SUMMER QUIZ GUESS THE DAMAGES

McNulty: helped bomb oil terminal and gas depot

The *Daily Telegraph* published this picture on Monday.

How much do you think the Marquess of Blandford will get?

Suggestions to: M. Hastings, Grand Cock-Up Dept, The Daily Errorgraph, Canary Wharf.

MURKEYSIDE

READERS who recall the case of English teacher Alan Corkish — sacked from Croxteth Comprehensive for allegedly making "sick jokes" about the Hillsborough disaster — will be interested to learn that his judge, juror and executioner, headteacher Gedd McKean, has been forced to resign over dodgy book-keeping.

McKean's resignation letter makes astonishing reading. He rants about "nasty" and "evil" people, and "buffoons who dare to question my [McKean's] professional integrity". He dismisses press reports that he grossly inflated the numbers on the Croxteth school roll by saying "to me the (news)paper is still just somewhere to put your chips!"

The case illustrates the danger of giving heads more power under local management of schools (LMS) legislation. Extra pupils on the books means "discretionary awards" for the head's salary, even though the names don't exist.

Although McKean resigned, the LEA refused to grant him immunity from prosecution should its investigation find he has a case to answer. However, McKean is saying "Auf Wiedersehn, pet!", and tells Croxteth parents he is taking a job as "Principle [*sic*] of an international school in Germany." Hopefully his new duties won't involve teaching either English or maths.

Letters

Sick joke

Sir,

I observe with mounting dismay the incredibly low level of complaints about factual inaccuracies in Doing the Rounds. Does this mean it's all true? Has anyone told the government? Do they care? I think we should be told.

Yours, still healthy, thank God,
IAN DICKSON,
Newcastle Upon Tyne.

About face

Sir,

Both Martin Amis and George Orwell may have been paraphrasing Abraham Lincoln.

Turning down a suggested appointment to his cabinet, he said: "I don't like his face". On the question of whether this was a fair judgement, he then remarked that "anyone who had reached the age of 40 was responsible for his face".

Yours sincerely,
R.K. MACDONALD,
Inverness.

Paternity suit

Sir,

My recent employer, the editor of the EVENING STANDARD, *is indeed my girlfriend's uncle* (EYE *852).*

When I was offered my first job at Radio Bristol, I was going out with the manager's daughter.

Mr Yentob! Have you a child for me?

Yours,
CHRISTOPHER MORRIS,
Radio One.

Join the Q

Sir,

I wish PRIVATE EYE *would leave QVC — the satellite shopping channel — alone. Personally, I like waffling presenters who don't know what they're talking about, gadgets that don't work, camera close-ups which reveal finger marks on the products, and on-air phone calls from sad buyers.*

Also, with phrases such as "you may think that it's quite strong but actually it's quite strong", perhaps PRIVATE EYE *could start a QVCBalls section!*

There's no doubt in my mind... QVC is the funniest TV station around.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN D. SMITH,
London NW6.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes

This is the yurt that Jill built,
It's a sort of communal bender.
They're recycling dishcloths into a quilt,
Regardless of age, race or gender.

LUVVIES

He's a staggering director. He respects and loves actors and gives them freedom. We see Ken as a door through which we can escape from the fear that the theatre establishment and bureaucracy impose. His example will encourage other actors to break away. He's Sir Galahad in quest of the chalice.

BRIAN BLESSED
(on Kenneth Branagh)
The Tatler

Submitted by APR.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Lookalike

Royal fan

Mellor

Sir,

David Mellor and Royal fan Michelle Lassiter, pictured in the DAILY EXPRESS.

Are they by any chance related?

Yours faithfully,
MATTHEW PILCHER,
Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

Dead...

Sir,

Re: G. Bushell, latin prep, (851 & 852)

"Si post fata venit gloria non propero" is literally translated as "If glory comes after death, I'm not in a hurry". However, writers interpret this pith as "better unread than dead". I can't help thinking that if indeed Mr Bushell does consider himself a writer, most of us wouldn't grumble were he to accept both conditions.

Semper fidelis,
CHARLES KING-HOLFORD,
London SW16.

...language

Sir,

"Si post fata venit gloria, non propero" is by Martial, and means "If glory comes only after death, I'm prepared to wait".

Given Mr Bushell's kowtowing to the Digger, perhaps his epitaph should be: "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor" (Ovid). "I see and approve noble things, but continue doing shameful things."

Best wishes,
"JOHN",
Faculty of Classics, University of Cambridge.

"I've failed everything – I'll have to become a maths teacher"

Welsh leak

Sir,

How informative was your piece ("Sparts and Spartpersons", EYE *851), on fascist activity in South Wales! It is so reassuring to learn that I, like many other activists in the Anti-Nazi League and Anti-Racist Alliance, are simply dupes of the SWP.*

And yet... a few silly doubts remain. Perhaps your correspondent could reassure me that the following facts are also Spartist inventions?

1. The anti-racist counter-demonstrations at Barry, Pontypridd, Cwmbran, Merthyr and Bridgend, were in direct response to a BNP handbill detailing dates, times and venues of proposed meetings, and circulated to local newspapers. (Clearly, an SWP fiction.)

2. As Deputy Mayor of Bridgend, I was very proud to attend a public meeting at our railway station, arranged to coincide with BNP plans to hold a rally there. Although certain well-known second division psychopaths were seen loitering in the vicinity, together with some unknown suspicious coves, the 200-strong protest meeting was a success, and allowed me to compliment in a short speech two young women who, as local anti-racist activists, have been separately and persistently subjected to death-threats, hate-mail and such minor inconveniences as severed car brake pipes and broken windows.

3. Clearly my speech had absolutely nothing to do with the death-threats which my wife, daughter and I have since received, or the bereavement card sent to my daughter, alone at home during her parents' recent holidays.

4. If your correspondent is right, then the South Wales Constabulary are wrong to be taking these matters seriously.

Just when a hitherto quiet backwater like Bridgend has identified extremely violent fascist activity, not only by the BNP, but — would you believe? (probably not) — the Third Position, KKK, and the "White Wolves", along comes your correspondent with his reassurances that we are all SWP stooges.

Yours sincerely,
CLLR PETE FOLEY,
Bridgend, Glamorgan.

Exam 'tears' correction

SIGNS of exam stress can include surges of panic or "tearfulness" — and not "cheerfulness", as we reported in error in an article on the subject in Saturday's editions.

Belfast Telegraph

I-SPY

Figeac, France

Submitted by Sean Geer & Tim Nott. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Wonderbra

Sir,

Your recent article about me (1 July), much of which was incorrect, has led to all sorts of misconceptions by my colleagues and I feel obliged to put the record straight.

Firstly, you neglected to say that when my press visa was cancelled by the US embassy in London it was a temporary move — indeed, you went to pains to announce to my peers that it was permanent — or that it was last year when this news-breaking event took place. The assumption subsequently made by editors and producers for whom I work at the BBC and various magazines was that I had — once again — been refused permission to return to America and this time for good. It has cost me time, energy and an infinitely sore throat to explain to people that I am indeed back on the other side of the ocean and still pounding the turf here after almost 20 years.

Secondly, I find the attachment of my name to journalists focussing [sic] on President Clinton's non-political shenanigans — and subject to an alleged underground "hit list" by US immigration — an unnecessary inference which has not the slightest foundation in truth. Let's put this to rest once and for all: my visa was rescinded because the terms of my working from here for the BBC after 18 years had changed since the issuance of my last visa five years earlier. Once the BBC had straightened the record, my visa was reissued.

As for my story in the DAILY MAIL of my relationship with David Hemmings, you clearly missed the point of the entire piece which was not to say that he had broken my heart — I did not — but to unglorify the halo that has come to surround the word "mistress".

Perhaps some research into your stories would result in more accurate reporting.

At least you spelled my name right.

BARBRA PASKIN,
Los Angeles, California.

Laid low

Sir,

I see Jilly Cooper is threatening to lie down under some enormous piece of earth-moving equipment. Just like her own heroines, come to think of it.

Yours faithfully,
J. BROWN,
Wokingham, Berkshire.

Lookalike

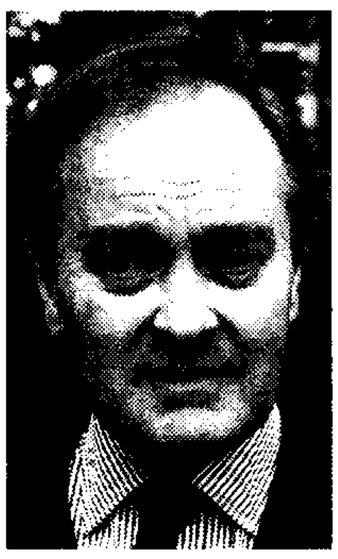
Sir,

I discovered the enclosed PEFCIE PALÖMBO — *better known as the "Palumbo fish" — from the collection of the eighteenth century Genovese writer and medico, Demetrio Canevari.*

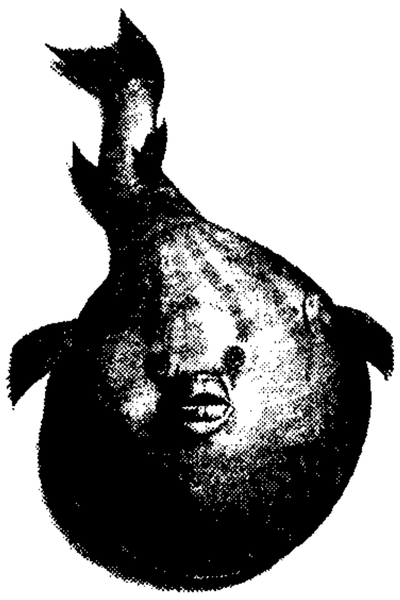
I surely cannot be alone in thinking that this animal's natural descendant is none other than our very own Lord Palumbo?

To ask in this instance whether they are related is a nonsense since I should have thought it is self-evident.

Yours gone fishing...
WILLIAM MITCHELL,
Provincia Asti, Italia.



Fish



Lord

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"...at the end of my career, I'd rather have something dangling..."

LINFORD CHRISTIE, BBC1
(D. Whiteley)

"And the rest not only is history but will remain history for many years to come."

JACK BANNISTER, BBC
(Matt Morden)

"We need to get rid of those old archaic practices which have been built up since 1990."

BOB HORTON (Railtrack chairman), BBC
(Martin Pearce)

"I presented my trousers to the committee: I had nothing to hide."

MIKE ATHERTON, BBC2
(Les Holyoak)

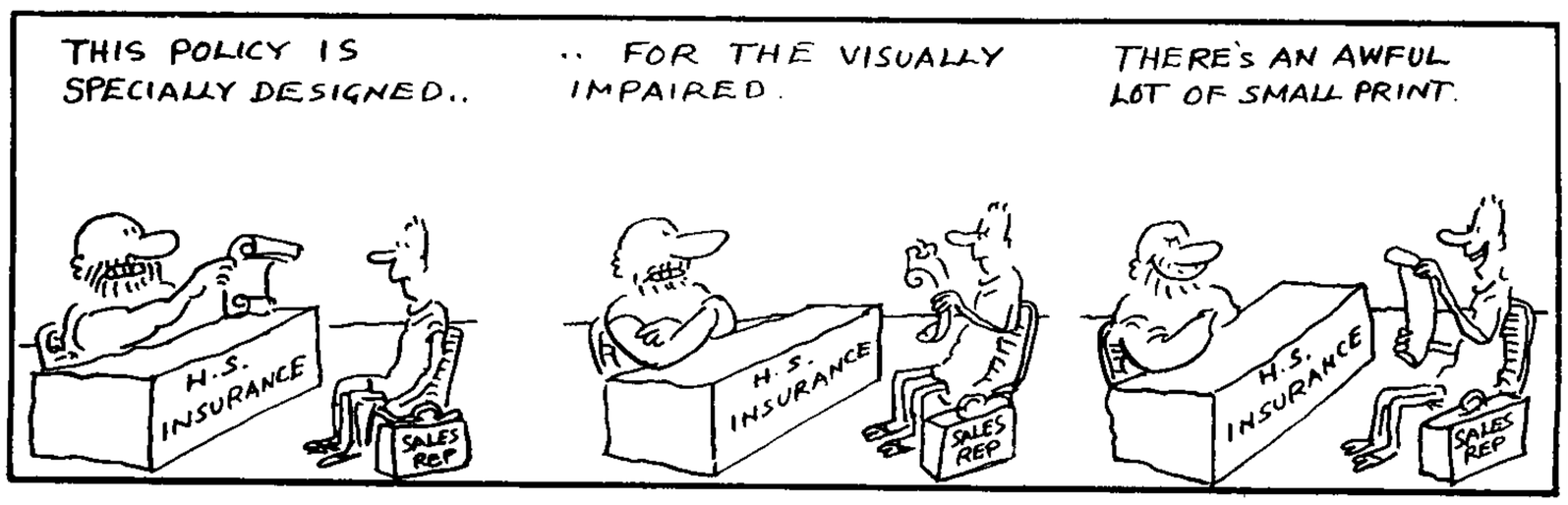
Peter Hobday: *But isn't it true that 50% of your members are ready to accept this deal now?*

Jimmy Knapp: *That's not the case at all — quite the reverse, in fact.*

Radio 4
(M. Fryer)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from

Port au Prince, Haiti

from Our Own Correspondent

AT THE Hotel Oloffson, the gingerbread pile that was the US marines' HQ the last time they were here (1915-34), Lunchtime O'-Booze and the rest of the hacks are ready for war.

Scanning CNN and leaning heavily on the mahogany bar that was once a US army billiard table, they curse President Clinton. "Another invasion false alarm," grumbled an old hand last week.

Downtown in the Bar Normandie, the Tonton Macoute thugs, concerned enough about their image to have changed their name to attachés, are ready with their voodoo powers, potions and poisoned darts. They too curse Clinton. "I can guarantee he and his troops will all die horribly," asserts Emmanuel Constant, the head of FRAPH, the military-inspired political force that revels in the title of the "Party of organised violence".

Down at the Archbishop's Palace, where the papal nuncio basks in the honour of representing the only state to have recognised Haiti's murderous military regime, they're preparing with three days of prayers and fasting. But even they curse Clinton. "If he doesn't lift this economic embargo soon, Haitians will have to start eating each other," complained one fat conservative cleric — a specimen many of the malnourished masses would see as a prime candidate for the pot.

The only one who is not ready, and is presumably cursing Haiti if not himself, is Bill Clinton. For 18 months he has blown hot and cold on Haiti. Last October it reached the point where he sent a naval troopship of US military trainers and "peacekeepers" only to sound the retreat when a few dozen machete-waving "attachés" turned up to greet it on the Port-au-Prince dockside. "It's pretty hard to be embarrassed by the Haitian military, but it's one of Bill Clinton's lesser known feats," grumbled one US hack into his rum punch last week.

The yes-no policy has led to some incredible contortions at the US embassy, now in the charge of ambassador Bill (Either Way) Swing. Until June, political concerns ensured the embassy saw virtually no human rights abuses in a country where at least 3,000 of the deposed president's supporters have been murdered. Now with international support for a harder line at a premium, classified telegrams to the US state department, known as grimgrams, are brimming with gory details.

"The military is slowly turning Haiti into hell," hacks were told at one embassy briefing where pools of blood and dismembered corpses were promised at a massacre site at Morne-à-Bateau. The fourth estate's finest found neither. Ironically, because the media are here in force and the military are keen not to provoke Washington, there are probably fewer abuses now than at any time in the past three years.

Despite the state department's best propaganda efforts, no one who counts wants anything to do with an invasion, including, it seems, most of the US military. Washington has appealed for contributions towards the proposed 10,000 to 20,000-strong invasion force and the 6,000 peacekeepers who will replace the GIs. So far the only taker is St Vincent, whose government is offering 10 unarmed policemen.

With Clinton further weakened by the defeat of his crime bill in congress, republican senate leader Robert Dole has stepped up his cooperation with renegade anti-invasion CIA elements in both Washington and Haiti in the hope of further embarrassment.

This being Haiti, things are not quite what they seem. Boat people have been the main source of pressure on Clinton to act, and thus the main source of pressure on the Haitian military. Last week it was revealed that the Clinton administration was colluding with its Haitian military enemies by supplying "technical and reconnaissance data" on where Haitian boat people were massing in preparation for attempts to sail for Miami.

In his current state, few believe Clinton could survive another major foreign policy cock-up. So the fate of two regimes rather than just one could hang on the outcome of the Haitian stand-off, giving Cedras, the Haitian military chief, and the hapless Clinton, a mutual interest instinctive to all those in power: saving their own skins.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

o "It's a disgrace," Barton Russell told reporters in Eugene, Oregon. "My pa was very fond of his skin. He thought it was his best attribute, and he really wanted it used this way."

Barton was speaking outside the Eugene courthouse after the State Mortuary and Cemetery Board had succeeded in blocking a clause in her father's will: "Donal Eugene Russell was one of Oregon's finest poets, and his last wish was to leave a volume of his collected works bound in his own skin. We had everything organised and, when he collapsed and died in February while on his way to a medical check-up, we kept his body fresh in a freezer. Some expert animal skinner friends of ours had agreed to do the skinning and tanning, and we even had a bookbinder lined up too. But then the law intervened, and now it looks as though our efforts have all been for nothing.

"It's a shame. Dad put his heart and soul into his poetry, so why not his skin too? None of those sissy Marys like Shelley or Byron would have had the guts to do it. And they called themselves poets." *(The Barbados Advocate, 6/4/94. Spotter — Paul Brennan)*

— o —

o "Of course I don't know whether any disabled people would actually *want* to perform naked in the shower," Ron Shitega told reporters. "But if people perform in it, then it's a stage. And if it's a stage, it's got to have wheelchair access."

Shitega, chief of the Disabled Access Division of the Los Angeles Department of Building, was welcoming a ruling by the Appeals Commission against the Odd Ball Cabaret and Strip Club on Sepulveda Boulevard: "There's one part of the club where customers can pay $20 to sit in front of a glass panel and watch a naked woman taking a shower while she dances to music. What we say is that, if an able-bodied person can get up there and perform, then disabled people should be able to get up there and perform as well. So either the club builds a ramp for them, or else we close it down."

Asked whether anyone was likely to pay $20 to watch a paraplegic dance naked, Shitega snapped: "Why not? Are you saying that disabled people aren't beautiful? Wheelchair dancing is beautiful. Anyway, the alloy they use for the wheels nowadays doesn't rust like it used to. It's a great idea. And, yeah, criminals on Death Row could choose to bow out this way, by going into the shower on electrically operated wheelchairs. That way at least they'd die with a smile and a stiffy. Get real." *(The Washington Times, 22/4/94. Spotter — Kenneth H. Skilling)*

— o —

o *"I am known locally as a person of sober and respectable habits," a Totnes man told reporters, "and, although I have no idea what the meaning of all this is, I suspect it has sexual overtones. I am disgusted."*

The man, who lives in Seymour Court, Bridgetown, but wishes to remain anonymous, has been plagued for almost six months by a mystery caller who stuffs ties through his letterbox during the night.

"The envelopes are addressed in what I can only call a brutish hand and, albeit that the ties are made by top London fashion designers, they are nevertheless extremely loud and vulgar. I am not one who deserves to have such foul ties launched at him willy-nilly, and I am thinking of donating them to charity.

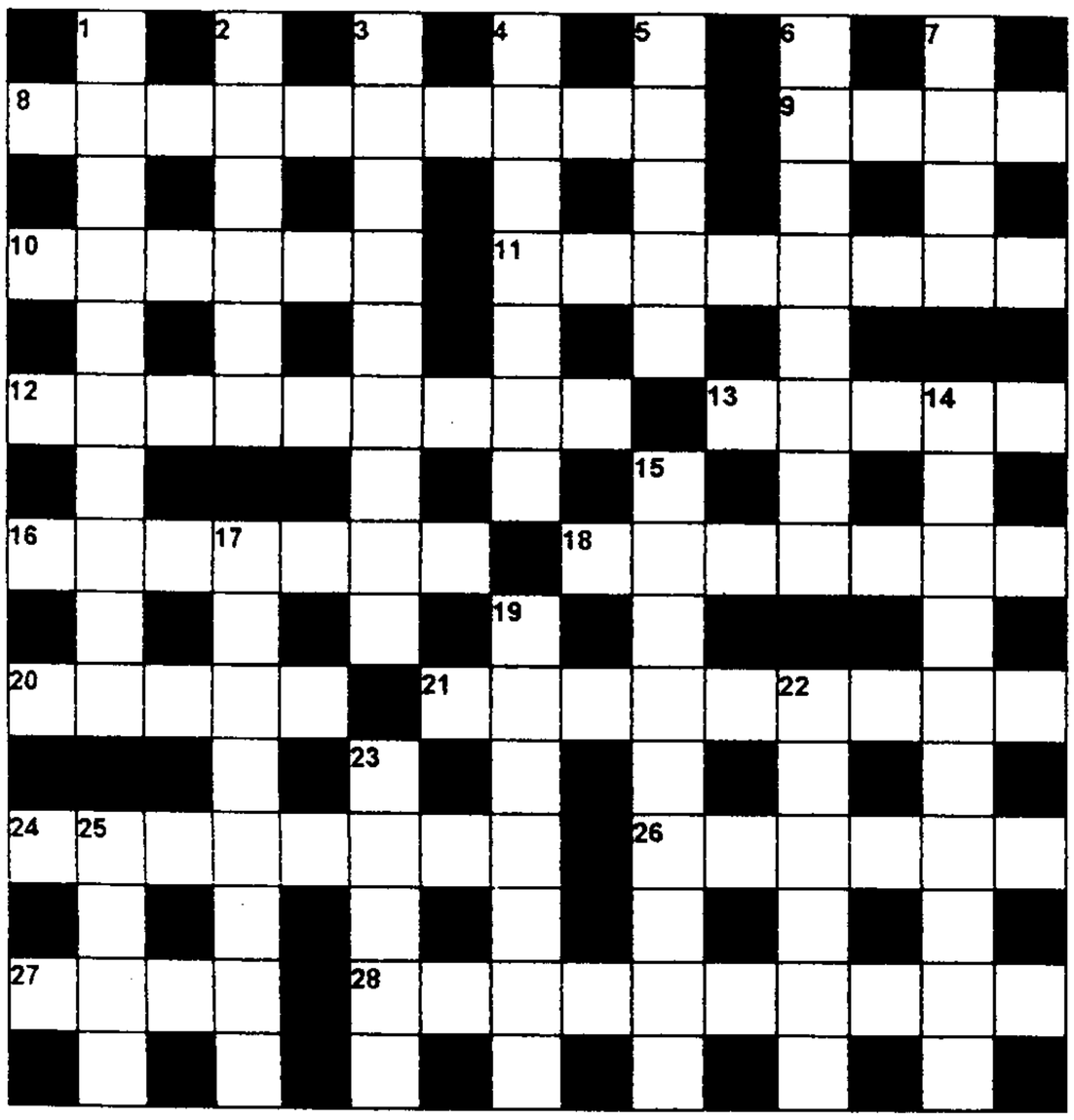
"But in the meantime, make no mistake. I am regularly on sentry duty behind my letterbox with a carving knife and, if I catch this malefactor in the act, woe betide him. I'll have his fingers off in a jiffy." (The Totnes Times, 17/3/94. Spotter — Allen Sadler)

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 9 by Cyclops

£100 Winner MIKEY AUBER



ACROSS

8/20/7 Our award for those who bear the mark of sycophancy (5,2,3,5,4)
9 Sort of lady to give one to Reagan? (4)
10 State of our old PM, no longer straddled by Di (6)
11 Stoop, as they say in US, to be so low as to employ gutter press tactics? (8)
12 The lies about North East from this rebuked minister (9)
13 Apply pressure to members and toss extremely briskly (5)
16 Flowers this leader's former passion? (7)
18 Fun minister's plaything embraces return of sin (7)
20 (see 8)
21 Diarist has lavatory key (4,5)
24 Big ones become tumescent and twisted around (5,3)
26 Love to get buried in bust of 18's predecessor! (6)
27 US President around start of century, self-styled world saviour (4)
28 Boateng, no leader, must irritate a thoughtful leader (3,3-4)

DOWN

1 Always a battle to keep this entrepreneur in business? (4,6)
2 King Cole has look round US house (6)
3 Ballot has 'In' confused with 'Out' — shit! (9)
4 Co-ed provides a Casanova with brief amusement (7)
5 Pavarotti's figure padded out with oven ready starters (5)
6 Bloody awful crap beer imposed on underprivileged (8)
7 (see 8)
14 Throw up on getting engaged, resulting in right telling off! (10)
15 Medal one gets positioned centrally on chest for failing in business (5,4)
17 Latest feeble-sounding US mag (8)
19 Piss-artist tops another piss-artist up (7)
22 Topless Zsa Zsa (tits lacking a certain something) stops the show (6)
23 Model slobbered over by some sucker (5)
25 That pudding of a lyricist? (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 31.8.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 8

ACROSS: 7/20 Defender Of The Faith 9 Eye Say 10 Soweto 11 Necklace 12 Unemployed 13 Whig 14 Pro-life 17 G-String 19 Adie 20 (see 7) 23 Lubyanka 25 Blow me 26 Brandt 27 The Times.

DOWN: 1 Heroin 2 Peter McLie 3 Orkneys 4 Mercedes 5 Neil 6 Sanction 8 Drool 13 Workaholic 15 Red Guard 16 Footnote 18 Stealth 21 Emblem 22 Tim Yeo 24 Yank.

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Villa Del Golfo, Algarve

It is very pleasant to be on holiday in the European Union, whatever the so-called Eurosceptics like Mr Portfolio may think! For a start it only takes 40 minutes on foot from our villa to the local shop, Los Tescos, where you can buy almost everything that you can get at home, such as Golden Grahams, Tetley tea bags and my wife Norman's new favourite Mars Bar Ice Creams, which unfortunately melted before we could get them home, due to the fact that the temperature here in Algarvia is 19 degrees or do I mean 91 in the shade, although there is not much shade! Norman has bought a special sunhat called a sombrero, after reading an article by Libby Purves in the very interesting in-flight magazine they gave us on the aeroplane. "Without a hat," she said, "people go soft in the head. Not that you will need one."

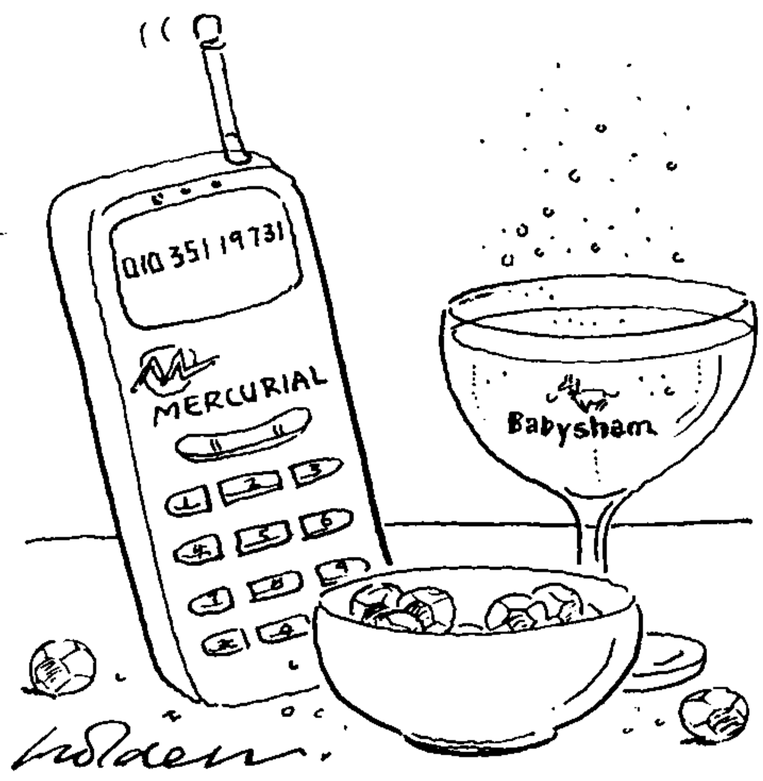
Tuesday

I was just settling down by the pool with my copy of the 1955 Wisden, which was presented to me by the famous composer Sir Tim Rice, when our maid Latima came out to say that I was wanted very urgently on the phone from London. I had to break off reading a not inconsiderably interesting account of the famous Headingley test match when F.S. Trueman (whom I have now met!) took three Pakistani wickets before lunch, to take the call in our bedroom. To my intense annoyance, it was not Miss Hogg to bring me up to date on the new inflation figures, but a Mr Chris Cropper from the *Sutton and Cheam Herald* who wanted me to comment on my brother Terry's book, now that it has apparently become a best-seller. "Terry is the talk of the town," he told me. "You must be very proud of him. What is it like to have a brother who is a star?" "I think you should address that question to Terence," I replied, in the special putting-down voice I am practising to use in the autumn when Mr Blair thinks he will be able to catch me out. But he will not. Oh no.

As soon as I had got back to my sun-lounger and got myself into a comfy position, Latima came out again. "Telefono," she said, which I knew from my Portuguese-in-10-Minutes phrasebook meant "the telephone". This time it was a Mr Dave Pritt of Radio Cambridgeshire's Good Morning Fenland Show, who said: "And now we've got Terry's brother John live from his holiday retreat in the Algarve, who will be telling us more about Terry's book after we've heard Simon and Garfunkel's The Sound of Silence." At this, loud music began to play for a not inconsiderable amount of time, and I was kept waiting. Finally, Mr Pritt came back on and said, "Hi, John, what's it like having a brother who's a star?" Luckily, I had my reply ready and I told him: "I refer you to the answer I gave earlier to the previous questioner." That shut him up!

Wednesday

I was enjoying a well-earned afternoon nap by our pool, when once again our maid Latima appeared shouting "Terryphone, Terryphone". "No," I told her, in a special kindly but firm voice like when I am explaining why Mrs Bottomley is quite right to close down all the hospitals, "in England we say 'telephone' with an 'l'."



"OK, si, senor," she said. "Your brother Telly phone." When I had got up to the bedroom, sure enough, it was my brother sounding a bit like he does after Christmas dinner, when he's had one too many of the Bailey's Irish Creams. "Hullo, John," he said, "guess who?" "I know only too well who it is," I replied in a not inconsiderably frosty manner. He went on: "I am ringing on one of these new mobile telephone things. Have you seen them? You can ring people up from parties, like I'm doing now. I'm at this party in Chelsea." "What do you want?" I said somewhat impatiently. "Because I am very busy having my holiday." "This girl I am with wants to say something to you," he said. "She says her mother has always voted Conservative." At this point a woman's voice broke in, rather fuzzily, saying: "Are you really Terry's brother? You must be ever so proud of him. He's so sexy." At this she giggled and rang off, and I had to tell Latima that if anybody called Terry phoned again she was to say that I was in no small measure out.

Thursday

Today I managed to borrow a copy of last Sunday's Sunday Times from the people staying next door who have come to Algarvia to play golf. He is a retired businessman who used to make lawn-mowers. "Excuse me saying so," he said, "but you look a bit like that twit they got in after they'd booted out dear old Maggie. I don't know why they don't give the job to his brother. My wife's reading his book. She says it's the best laugh she's had in years. In bed last night she read me this bit about Cyril the Squirrel eating all the Marmite sandwiches." "It was not called Cyril," I told him firmly, "its name was Robert. And besides, the sandwiches were chocolate spread, not Marmite. How many times do I have to correct all Terry's ridiculous mistakes?" The man gave me a very funny look and said: "If I were you, old boy, I'd wear a hat in this heat," and drove off in his golf cart. But fortunately he left me several bits of the Sunday Times so that I could catch up with what had been happening in England while we had been away. The most important thing is that Mr Portfolio has really put his foot in it again. He is putting a lot of disabled people out of work and is blaming it all on the EC. As I explained to my wife Norman: "The interesting thing is that the person responsible for signing the European directive in question, No.93/36, was none other than the Chief Secretary to the Treasury, ie Mr Cleverdick Portfolio himself." "I wouldn't worry about Mr Portfolio," she said, "not while you're on holiday." "I am not in any manner of shape or form worried by Mr Portfolio's attempts to grab the headlines while I am away," I told her. "Mr Portfolio isn't grabbing the headlines," she said, holding up the cover of the Culture 'n' Lifestyle Section of the *Sunday Times*. "it is your brother. Look what it says: 'El Tel is Numero Uno, Reckons TV's Mariella'."

Friday

I was just in the middle of doing my 10 lengths in the pool, which I do every day after breakfast as a way of keeping fit, when Latima again disturbed me, calling out: "Ees Ingleterry on ze phone." This was the final straw. Running upstairs still dripping wet, I shouted into the telephone: "You are not to ring again on any account. I have had quite enough of you and your so-called success." "I'm sorry, Prime Minister," said a lady's voice, which I recognised to my surprise as being that of Miss Hogg. "I just wanted to let you know that since you've been away everything has been going brilliantly. Inflation is down, the stock market is soaring, unemployment is down for the 6th consecutive month and 'A' Levels have broken all records. And, just to cap it all, as an added bonus, your brother Terry is completely flavour of the month, the most popular man in town. Who knows, some of it may rub off on you!" I am glad to say I managed to keep my temper and threw the telephone into the pool.

The Rocky Horror Mastermind Final Service from Coventry Cathedral

President: *(For it is Magnus Magnusson)* What is thy name and occupation?

(At this point the man with the beard shall be seated and shall reply.)

Beardie: I an N or M and I am a Polytechnic Lecturer. *(Or he may say "I am a Librarian". Or he may say "I am a Retired Civil Servant".)*

President: And what is thy Specialist Subject?

Beardie: The popular songs of Cliff Richard (post-Shadows). *(Or he may say "The Life and Works of the Russian Beat Poet Michael Horovitz". Or he may say "English Cheeses 1973-1974".)*

(There shall be a moment of silence during which the congregation may cough.)

President: N or M You have two minutes on your chosen subject, starting now.

THE RESPONSES

President: Which Greek Goddess was symbolised by a gerbil?

N or M: Pass.

President: In the Periodical Table, which element is denoted by the letters "Zt"?

N or M: Strontium.

President: No. Gnomium.

(At this point N or M will tut and roll his eyes as if he knew the answer all along. The President then continues in similar vein until a bleep is sounded.)

THE DISMISSAL

President: As I have started, so shall I finish. Why is a TV quiz show being held in Coventry Cathedral?

The Bishop: We needeth the money.

All: Amen-with-Beards.

ARCHER IN NEW FINANCIAL SCANDAL

by **The Sunday Times Inside Team**

THE Conservative politician Lord Archer yesterday became involved in a new financial scandal when it was revealed that he had made £14 million merely as the result of a phone call to his publishers, HarpicCollins.

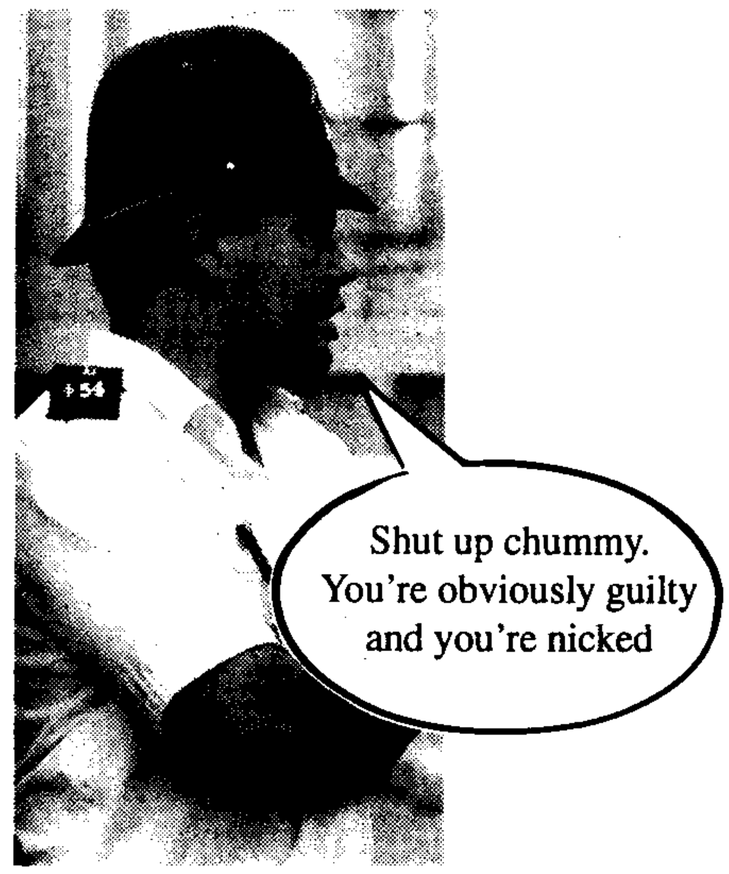
Lord Archer is alleged to have said: "I'm writing a new book. It's as bad as all the others. Give me a lot of money."

Acting on this information, the chairman of the publishers, Mr Eddie McBastard, is believed to have paid out £14 million to the author.

But yesterday friends of Mr Archer (J. Archer) rallied to his support saying: "This is nonsense. Jeffrey is not going to write this book. As usual it will be written by a computer operated by a chimpanzee."

Following the news of the deal, shares in HarpicCollins immediately tumbled to an all-time low, triggering a DTI investigation into a mystery share-salesman, Mr J. Archer.

NEW NINE-WORD 'RIGHT TO SILENCE' CAUTION IN FULL



NEW FROM GNOMETEL

DI-LINE

0898-743210

Hear what Oliver Hoare heard!!

Your personal mystery call from Diana!

Total silence charged at 38p per second.

FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA

THE BOOK OF ENOCH

AND lo, there was dwelling in the land of the Briton-ites a man whose name was Enoch.

2. And he was heavy with age, even unto four score years and ten.

3. And the children of Brit-on had for long years harkened not to the counsels of Enoch, saying amongst themselves "Verily, he is wash-ed up".

4. For, in former times, Enoch had lifted up his voice to prophesy against the children of Ham, namely those who had come from the lands of Jam-aica, Barb-a-dos, Trin-i-dad and those other lands where they worship the god Gan-ja and dance to the sound of the drum which is made of steel. *(Get on with it. God.)*

5. For he had prophesied, saying that unless the dwellers in Brix-ton and Hands-worth and those within the gate that is called Notting Hill returneth whence they came, yea even to Af-rica, then the River Tiber shall foam with much blood, even as the poet hath foretold.

6. I, Enoch, say all these things shall come to pass. So spake Enoch.

7. But, as it happeneth, he was quite wrong. And they cometh not to pass at all.

8. And Enoch was utterly cast out, even into outer darkness.

9. And he was no longer permitted to take part in the councils of the nation, even amongst the wise men, and one woman you've never heard of, who appeareth on Any Questions, which tonight cometh from the Freemasons' Hall, Doncaster.

10. And when Enoch had been thus shunned by the people, he remaineth in the wilderness for forty years. And his name was quite forgotten.

11. And lo, wouldst thou believe it, Enoch suddenly riseth up in the season that is called silly and attempteth an comeback.

12. And Enoch cried aloud, harken unto me, for a vision hath been vouchsafed to me that your eyes may be opened, and that once more my words shall be heard in the land, at the sixth hour, at the ninth hour and even on News At The Tenth Hour, when they shall be proclaimed by the man that is called Bar-ab-a-dos.

13. And Enoch spake unto them, saying: "Everyone hath got it wrong, saving me alone. Our Lord, whom ye call crucified, was no such thing.

14. "I say unto you that he was put to death by stoning."

15. And the Chief Priests and Elders mocked him, saying: "How knowest thou these things?"

16. And Enoch addressed them, saying: "There is a book in which all these things are written, even though it hath not yet been discovered and no man hath read it."

17. And they laughed him to scorn, and took up bread rolls, even the Bread Sea Rolls, and cast them at Enoch, shouting: "Thou art an old loony, as we have known all along."

18. And Enoch once again found himself in the darkness that is outer.

Here endeth the Book of Enoch.

10 Things You Never Knew About THE JACKAL

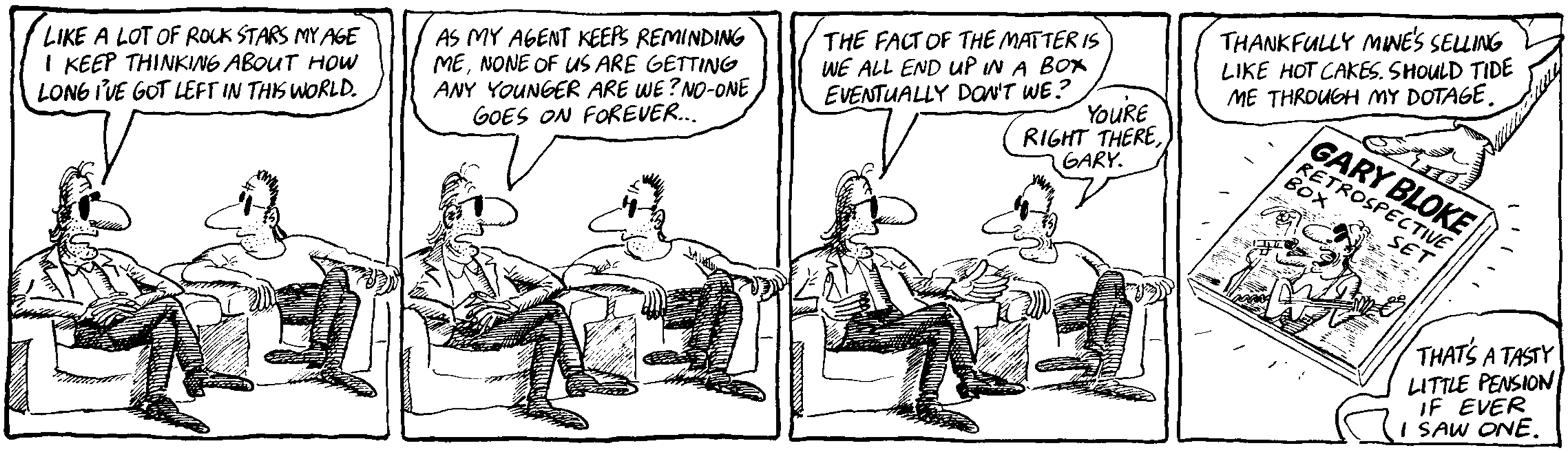
1. This is his photograph.
2. It is the face of evil.
3. It is the only photograph we have.
4. His real name is not The Jackal at all — nor is it Carlos.
5. He was christened Vladimir Peregrine Frostrup.
6. He tried to assassinate President de Gaulle.
7. Except he didn't. That was just in the film with Edward Fox.
8. The bit I like is when he shoots the melon to try out the gun.
9. Er...
10. That's it.

Great Bores Of Today.

"... I think they're making a lot of fuss about nothing I mean it's only a piece of stone isn't it? my Nan has got something like that in her garden cost her virtually nothing they brought it back from Greece when they went on holiday but this thing's supposedly worth a fortune and it's only three naked birds prancing about and I mean at 8 million quid that's what? nearly four million each or is it three million? anyway if the Yanks want to buy it so much let them have it why should we want it? I think we should give it to Rwanda or those other places that are crying out for money it's only a piece of stone for heaven's sake the one my Nan has got broke and one of the legs came off but we stuck it back with Araldite and you can hardly see the join I got two Ds and an E but the Courtauld are going to give me a place anyway..."

Celeb

LIGGER


LIKE A LOT OF ROCK STARS MY AGE I KEEP THINKING ABOUT HOW LONG I'VE GOT LEFT IN THIS WORLD.
AS MY AGENT KEEPS REMINDING ME, NONE OF US ARE GETTING ANY YOUNGER ARE WE? NO-ONE GOES ON FOREVER...
THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS WE ALL END UP IN A BOX EVENTUALLY DON'T WE?
YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, GARY.
THANKFULLY MINE'S SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES. SHOULD TIDE ME THROUGH MY DOTAGE.
GARY BLOKE RETROSPECTIVE BOX SET
THAT'S A TASTY LITTLE PENSION IF EVER I SAW ONE.

EDINBURGH '94

What not to see *(shurely 'miss'? Ed)*

with TV's Emma Frostrup

Photography: Bus queues in Tamil Nadu, 1993

DANCE

St Magnus The Martyr-mind, Leakeyhall Street

The Chernobyl State Modern Dance Troupe of Belarus presents new works by Myeltdown, Fyallout and Koverup.

Star rating: 5

POETRY

St George's Hotel Tearoom

Edinburgh Erotica

An Evening with Fiona Pitt-Ghastly and Carole-Ann Duff. Two of Britain's worst women poets read graphic poems about genitalia for many hours.

Star rating: 5

ART

Scottish Cubism 1913-1920

The Scottish National Gallery, in association with Exxon Petroleum, presents major works by McLoon, Piszt, Drambuie and Angus Canelloni.

Star rating: 5

PHOTOGRAPHY

The Caledonian Lodge, Princes Street

Visions of Expectation

Award-winning Guardian photographer Polly Esther presents black-and-white studies of people waiting in bus queues, from Latvia to Maputo.

Star rating: 5

STAND-UP COMEDY

The Big Tent, Motherwell Street Youth Centre

Pete Globb and Rod Pizza — sharp-talking comedy duo, as seen on Channel Four's No One's Watching.

Star rating: 5

MUSIC

Usher Hall

Classic FM's Top Advert Themes, introduced by Willy Rushton and played by BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra.

Star rating: 5

OPERA

Waverley Station Ticket Hall

Lucia di Lammermuir by Donizetti. Controversial modern-dress production by Glyndebourne Touring Company, directed by Deborah Warning, in which the famous mad scene is set in a derelict mental hospital. Lucia is due to be sent out for "Care in the Community" and expresses her rage against Mrs Bottomley and the NHS reforms before murdering the audience.

Star rating: 5

(That's enough – Ed In Burgh)

Slow motion

New Zealand police yesterday charged a man whom they suspect of swallowing a heroin-filled condom but who has not passed a bowel motion for three weeks. "It had better be pretty solid and substantial evidence," lawyer Barry Wilson said. — Reuter.

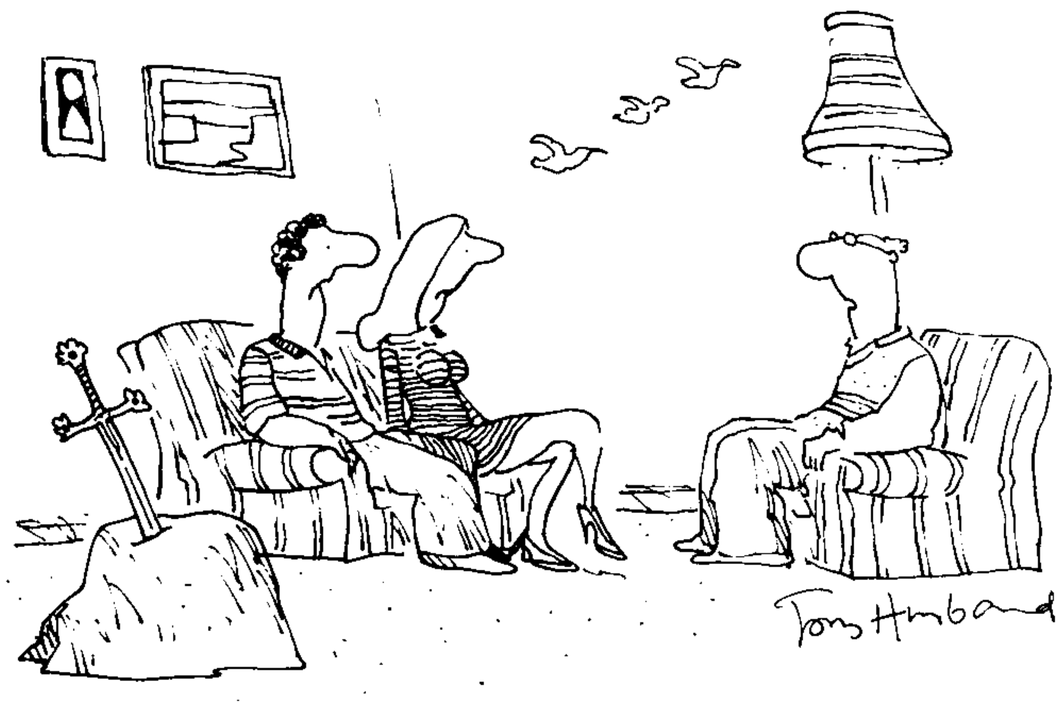
Grauniad

Mr. Arthur's 7-11 Store

New Closing Time

Starting Fri. 14th Jan

Will be 10pm



"Before you take my daughter's hand in marriage I've set up a little test for you..."

NEW FROM GNOME TOYS

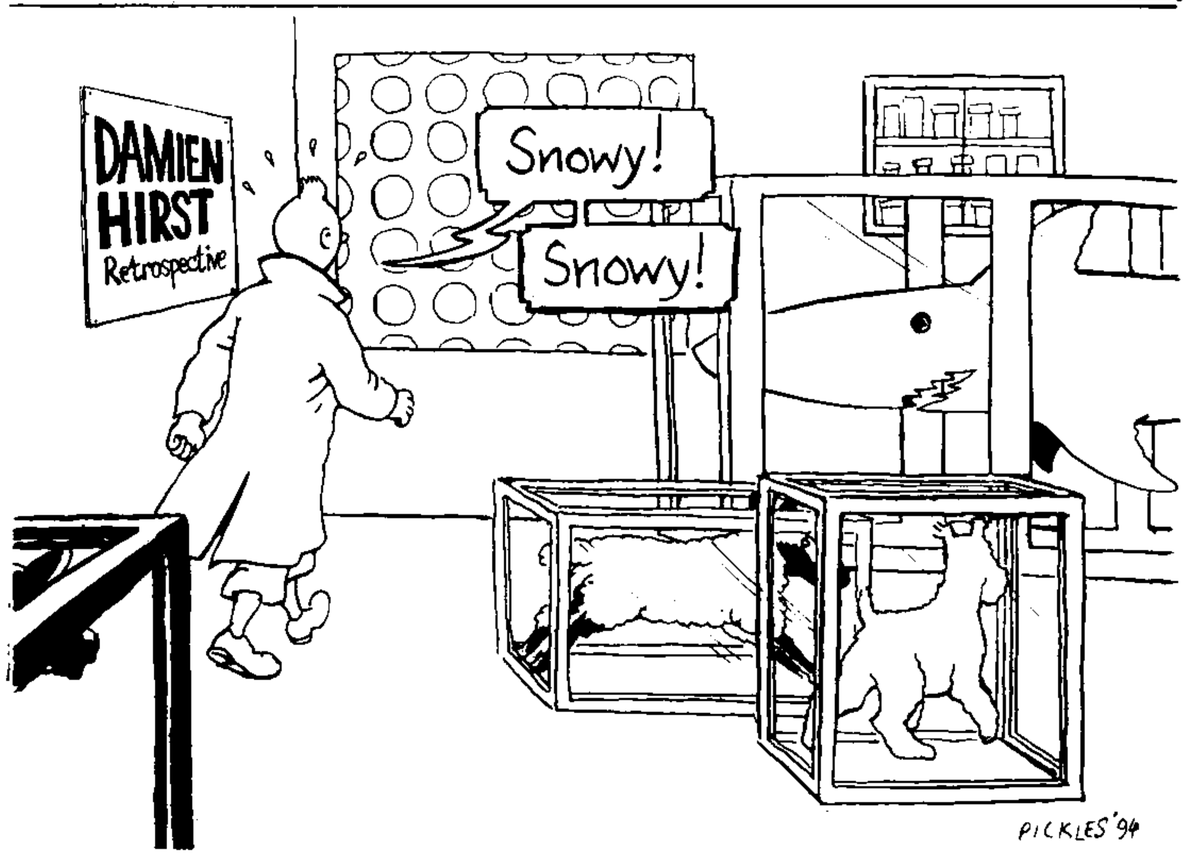
'ACTION' WOMAN™

This new model, the Capt. Angela Slagson™, is a soldier for the 90s!! Action Woman comes complete without uniform and performs the following deadly operations:

- **Bonks Red-Hot-Action-Man™ Sergeant Legover™.**
- **Talks to the *Sun* about her husband, In-Action-In-Bosnia Man™, Colonel Dumped™** *(with emphasis on how useless he is in bed).*
- **Blames Army for everything.**

YOU GET A MAN'S WIFE IN THE ARMY

(shurely 'Life'? Ed.)

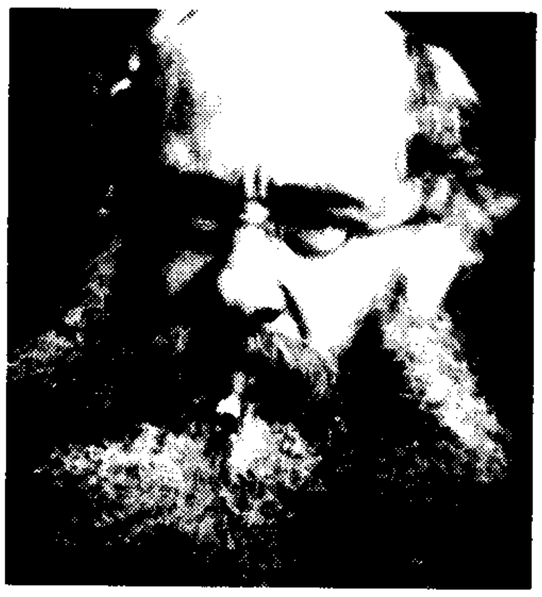


Your Cut-Out-'n'-Keep Guide To The Marquesses Who Are Making News

Marquess of Blandford, 46. Has just landed plum £250,000-a-year job selling cocaine to himself *(shurely 'cars to the public?)*. Currently not in jail, but hoping to be back soon.

Marquess of Bristol, 39. Has just landed a plum job sewing 250,000 mailbags a week for £1.89. When in prison would like to meet Taki, or anyone else who can sell him some coke.

Marquess of Bath, 56. Has just landed in a hot-air balloon with his 18 wifelets. Currently working on a 250-foot mural showing thousands of naked women celebrating Peace and Love in the Age of Aquarius.



Marquess of Granby, 186. Famous West End public house, frequented by 250,000 men in tartan shirts with large moustaches talking about "this great new poet W.H. Auden..."

THERE'S MORE SOCCER IN THE EYE!!

KNEE SAYS 'I WON'T SELL'

It's Countdown to Kick-Off!

The Eye brings you the season's top stories!
(Get on with it. Ed.)

by **E.I. Erewegoagain**, Our Man In The New All-Seater Stand Who Hasn't Been Home Since The Last Season Ended And Can't Believe It's All Starting Again

THE cricket world was rocked to its foundations yesterday when the football season returned to the sports pages and soccer supremo Ron Knee, 59, hit the headlines immediately.

"Baldy Pevsner is staying at Neasden FC."

That was the tight-lipped manager's message to potential buyers who as yet have shown no interest at all in the legendary own-goal specialist.

"Even if someone puts £5 million on the table, I will tell them the same story. Baldy is not — repeat *not* — for sale. He is worth three points just by putting on a Neasden shirt. Unfortunately it is to the other side."

World Kop

Delighted fans (Sid & Doris Bonkers) were yesterday in fulsome praise of their club's decision to keep Baldy and to link him with new World Cup superstar signing Adolf Klingfilm.

Said Sid: "Klingfilm is the best diver in the box in the game today. We will be looking to him to score at least one penalty in every game."

Mr Bonkers continued to drink from his can of Old Visigoth's Double-Strength Export V2 Rocket Beer and outlined his hopes for the coming season.

"We will get automatic promotion, climb to the top of the Premiership, qualify, win the World Cup and — excuse me, I must go to the toilet."

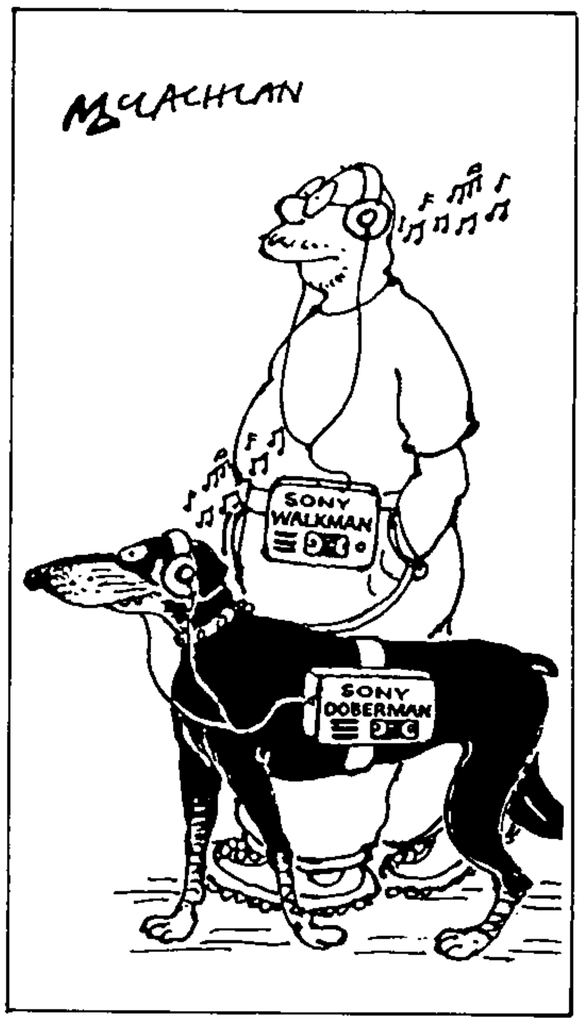
English football is very dull.

LATE SCORE

Classic-FM Charity Shield. 1st Leg.

FC Neasden 1
(A. Klingfilm [pen.] 1 min.)

Blandford Forum Atletico 1
(Pevsner [o/g/] 89 mins.)



SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

Keith Floyd's Recipe for Divorce

Ingredients

Wine
More Wine
Lots More Wine
Even More Wine

— * —

Instructions

Drink the above

NEXT WEEK: Poached Ego on an Empty Bed

NOW 5p

The Daily Hellograph

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

NOW 5p

FINAL

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1994

'A'-Level Results Soar To New Record

A young girl of the type who yesterday was going through the trauma of waiting for her 'A'-Level results

By Our Education Correspondent
JANE THYKKE

THE GOVERNMENT today claimed that the 105 per cent pass-rate for this year's 'A'-Levels showed that its educational reforms were "paying off".

The results show that more candidates this year passed 'A'-Levels than actually took the exams, setting a new world record.

"This shows that Britain is now the best-educated nation in the world," claimed junior education minister Eric Fourthform.

A Level Playing Field

"There were 2.5 million A Grades awarded this year," said Mr Fourthrate, "an increase of 417 per cent on last year, which was itself a record year."

The subjects in which pupils achieved the highest grades were:

- media studies (television)
- physical education (football)
- sociology (video nasties)
- communications (pop music)
- information technology (Nintendo)
- consumer economics (Big Macs)

"The only disappointment," continued Mr Forthbridge, "came in science subjects, where only two candidates (Mungal and Punam Bonkerjee of the Roy Hattersley School for Girls, Birmingham) passed Mathematics and no one at all passed Physics. But since no one is going to get any jobs anyway, it hardly matters, does it?"

An example of the type of 'A'-Level paper in which Britain leads the world can be seen below.

A Level June 1994 EC/104

Media Studies (Television)

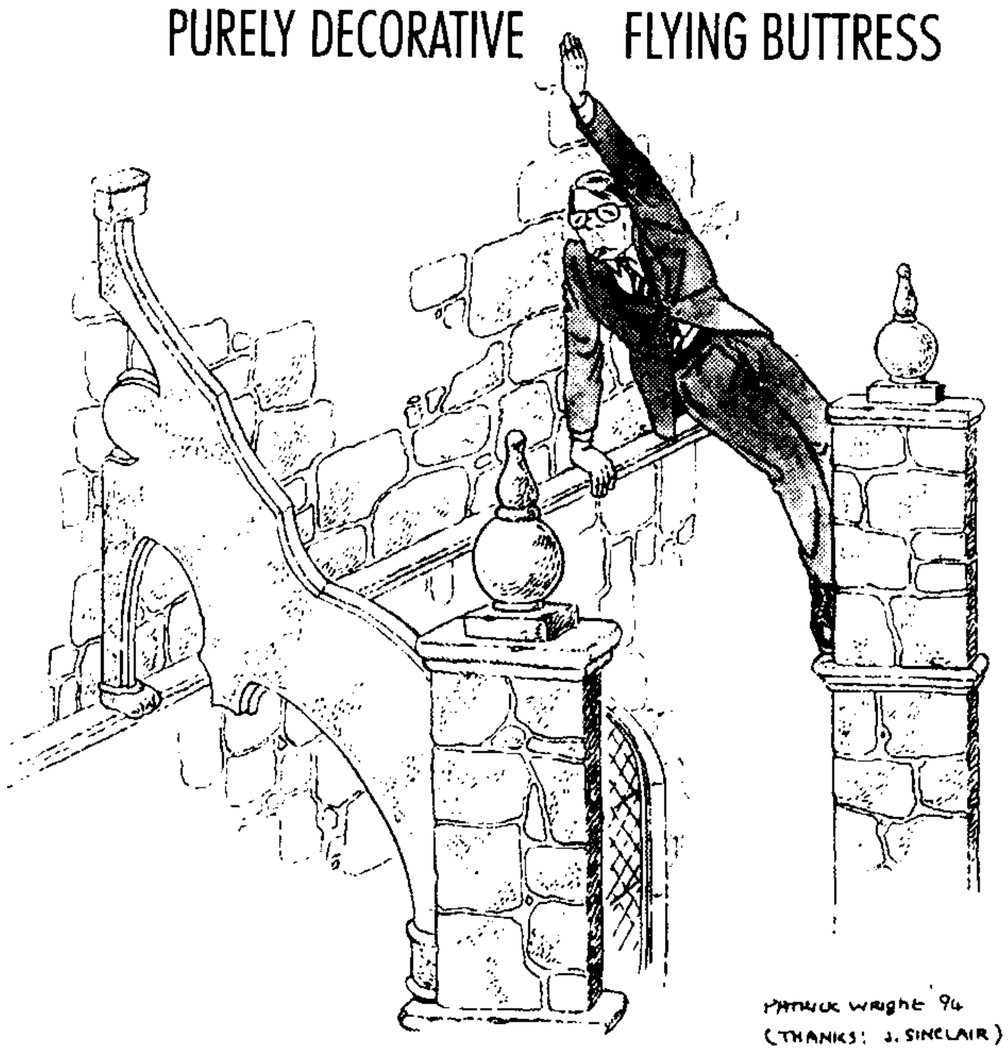
Candidates need only attempt one question, and then only if they feel like it.

1. Who is the star of Roseanne? Is it:
   a) Roseanne
   b) Ena Sharples
   c) Mariella Frostrup.
2. Have you ever watched any of the following?
   a) Red Dwarf
   b) Rab C. Nesbitt
   c) The Bandung File.
3. "Danny Baker is great." Discuss.
4. Imagine if for some crazy reason you got up really early. Would you watch:
   a) The Big Breakfast with Chris Evans
   b) GMTV with Judy and Ron
   c) News At Ten with Trevor Barbados
   d) The Bandung File with Tariq Ali.

Time Allowed 4 Hours.

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR

PURELY DECORATIVE FLYING BUTTRESS



PETERBOROUGH *by Quentin Bore*

Jersey murderers were Old Cakeians

THE TWO boys who were yesterday found guilty of hacking their parents to death were among the most distinguished recent alumni of St Cakes, the £42,000-a-year Berkshire public school.

Ronald and Reginald Kraye-Smythe were at St Cakes in the 1980s. Ronald was Head of School in 1986, and his younger brother Reginald was head of Sutcliffe House two years later.

The brothers are remembered with affection by the then-headmaster, Mr J.L.R. Kipling, who said yesterday: "Both boys were model pupils and murdered no one while they were here. At least, not to my knowledge."

Another St Cake's figure who knew them well was their house matron, Miss Rosa Klebb-Trumpington. "Ronnie and Reggie were always favourites of mine," she said yesterday. "I remember when they came fifth and sixth one year in the Sock Race."

The Sock Race is an old St Cakes tradition, dating back to 1951. Teams from two houses try to kill each other in a sea of mud, using only their socks as weapons.

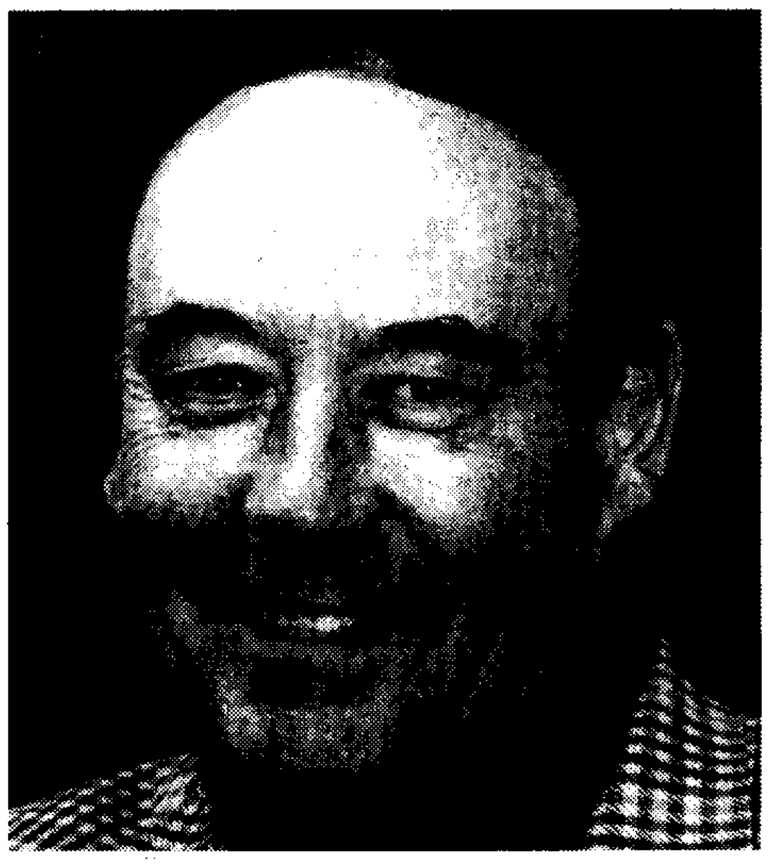
The last boy to die in "Sockers" was in 1961.

DIARY

Molluscwatching. In greater and greater numbers, *homo sapiens* likes to turn on a box in the corner of the room and to express his rage at what he sees by shouting 'you clapped-out old hasbeen!' and shaking his fist uncontrollably in the air. Harking back millions of years to a time when molluscs and crustaceans were dismembered by sea-mammals, the figure on the box provides a necessary outlet for scorn and retribution. Yet, perhaps in an unconscious spirit of self-preservation, the victim remains strangely unaware of his position as a conduit for human society's feelings of loathing, and this extraordinary immunity from the aspersions of his fellow man can be registered by the way in which he continues to spout self-serving gibberish in a know-it-all manner, quite immune to the unseen peril facing him on the other side of the screen.

Invoicewatching. For the past four years, I have been deeply involved in nothing less than a voyage into the very centre of the human arena. It has involved travel to over sixty countries, travel unprecedented in scale by any previous human presenter. It has involved the collection and subsequent invoicing to over eight separate departments of the BBC of receipts from over 500 internationally respected hotels, many of them with sea views. It has involved attending every conceivable kind of human event, from publishers' meetings conducted in lavish offices to five-course meals at Michelin-starred restaurants, from production conferences in air-conditioned suites with free use of the mini-bar to first-class air travel to every destination under the sun. All through these four exhaustive years I have been observing, or 'Manwatching', as I prefer to term it, in an obsessive quest to find out how man — or 'The Naked Ape', as I once memorably termed him — really behaves. Extraordinarily, there are over five thousand million human beings on this planet. My conclusion, having observed a fair number of them? On the one hand, in the words of the philosopher, 'it takes all sorts'. And, on the other hand, 'we're all the same'. The truth, as always, lies somewhere in between. That'll be £200,000 plus VAT for world serial rights, thank you kindly.

Globewatching. After three weeks in the baking hot sun of India, exploring some of the furthest-flung resorts known to the luxury traveller, we discovered that tea-drinking is



DESMOND MORRIS

almost as popular on that great continent as it is in Britain. Why this need to drink? Could it be that we were once fish?

Desmondwatching. Observe what happens when an acknowledged expert such as myself enters a crowded room. Slowly but surely, the room-dwellers go silent, then separate, dividing off into huddles, their backs turning towards me. This is a classic case of the territorial marker, and the root cause lies in the hunting past of our predatory ancestors. What happened millions of years ago still happens now: a wild bore bursts into a group, and the group immediately makes a wide clearing.

Observe, too, what happens when a leading television personality and distinguished anthropologist attempts to engage one of the gathering — whom we shall term the target — in speech-interchange in the same interactive spatial arena. The personality approaches the target with a glass in his hand and a contented expression playing on his lips, ready to inform him of many upcoming projects, including a six-part series for BBC Bristol called 'Safariwatch', about the growth and meaning of the beige safari jacket with sewn-on belt among declining broadcasters. Through close observation of the forms of locomotion employed by the 'victim', one is able to chart the motivating force behind his actions or, in everyday speech, to see 'what makes him tick'. In this case, in a counter-display of human affection, he turns and runs, having first pretended to 'catch sight' of another person on the far side of the room. The distinguished anthropologist—with over fifteen international bestsellers to his name — is then left alone to consider why it is that a gathering of *homo sapiens* so often signals its respect for the wisest old man in the room by raising their eyes to the sky and making exaggerated 'yawning' gestures with their hands and mouths.

Buttockwatching. In-depth production meetings for my next major new television series began last week. "I like to start each series with a picture of a female breast," I explain to the producer. "I always think it gives the viewer something to catch hold of.

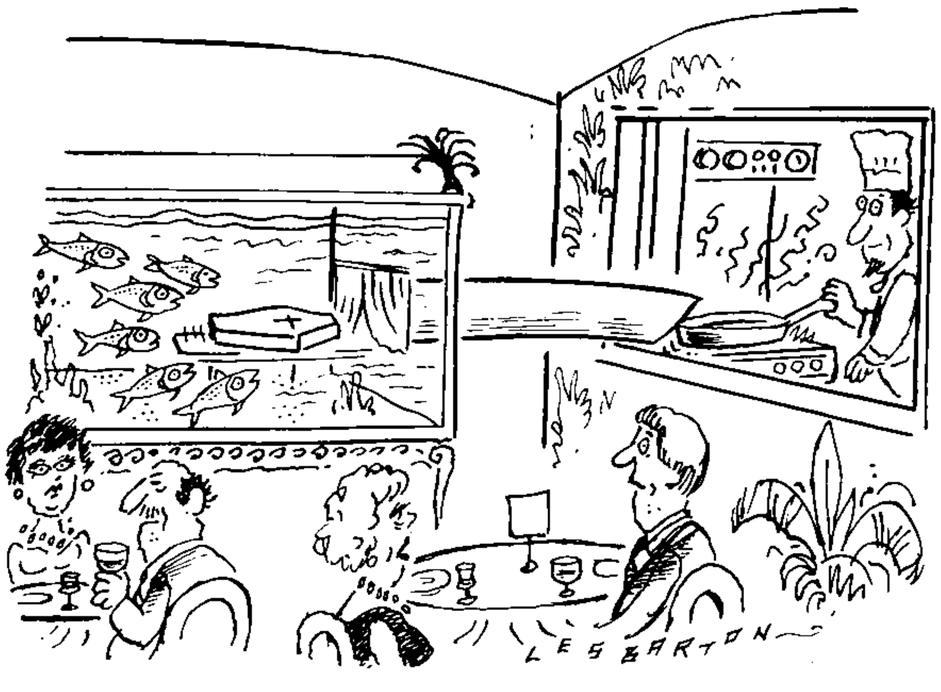
"And then I thought maybe a slow pan to a female buttock, if we can find one. A breast, then a buttock. Just to establish the difference. Could be fascinating."

The production staff are all very enthusiastic, and want to know more. "What point will you be establishing with these shots?" asked one researcher.

"Early days yet. Let's not get bogged down in specifics," I replied. "But I'll probably make some general points about breasts and buttocks. How they're rarely to be found on the South American Aswad Goldfish, or something like that."

The researcher looks agog. Just a few minutes into the first production meeting, and already I had opened her eyes to one of the fascinating mysteries of the animal world. And now I think I'm really onto something. My next-but-one series, *Breastwatching*, should prove a major force for bringing the complex world of natural science within the grasp of the ordinary bloke.

Sexwatching. And *Breastwatching* will pioneer a major new initiative within the documentary field. With the aid of the very latest in technological innovation, we have managed to place a digital camera within a woman's breast, to give us what one might call a unique 'breast's-eye-view' of this planet of ours. Never before has a camera filmed not only through the thin gauze of a brassiere but also through the virtually fog-like thread of a cotton blouse. Why this need of *homo sapiens* to explore the very nature of others' sexuality? As a trained zoologist, I try to get a clear view of the various sexual displays of the female of the species, and to help me achieve this I find that a pair of binoculars and a zoom lens can come in very handy indeed.



Voodoo ritual to beat invasion

With a possible US invasion looming, many Haitians cling to voodoo, a dark and ritualistic religion which many believe can give them power.

Thousands gathered in the village of Paine-du-Nord, in a voodoo ritual of mud and blood, to honour St Jacques Majeur, a so-called god of power.

Oldham Chronicle

We install Pilkington K Glass
Because we don't know any better

KINDLELIGHT LTD

Registered at the post office as a newspaper. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Reprinting part or whole forbidden except by permission. ISSN 0955-5889. Lot 2,321,494: a Mansell ear plug, completely original, including wax.

Autocar

PETITE female would like to meet Policeman, kind loving 38 years, likes horses for romance. Box no:

Essex Chronicle

Literary Review

Marty pants

Granta 47 — Losers
(Penguin, £7.99)

MARTIN AMIS, a slice of whose impending new *oeuvre* appears herein, and *Granta* were made for each other: bluff, swaggering and pseudo-American.

Ever since 1983, when Mart — he doesn't mind me calling him Mart after all these years — was just a sulky pretender to the throne, you could turn up a copy of Bill Buford's finest and there among the tales of burly Yankees jumping on each other's testicles would be a preview of *Money* or *London Fields*. Fine, fat, feisty books, and their creator was the cutest thing on the catwalk, back then when English fiction, gamely propelled by Ian and Julian and the rest of Mart's mates from the dartboard and the snooker table, looked as if it were going places.

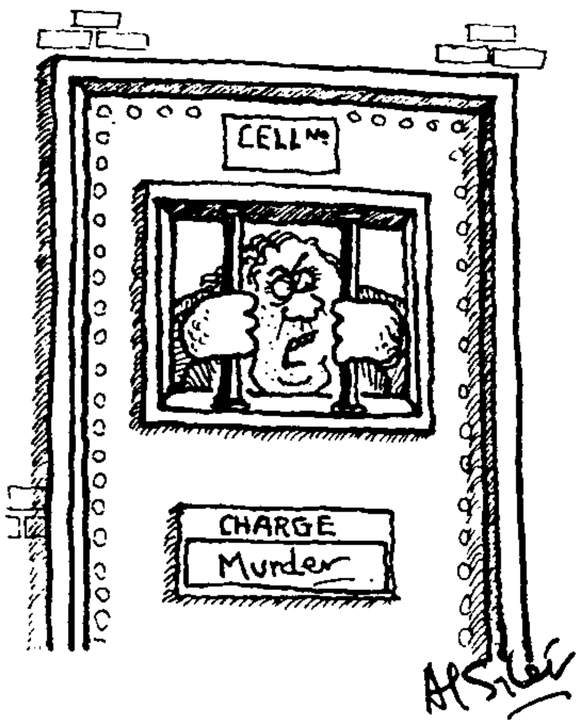
But it's 1994 now, Mart turned 45 this week, and "Author Author", a hotly-flagged excerpt from a forthcoming work entitled *Information*, has already run into trouble. Mrs Mart (recently abandoned in favour of a literary babe) has apparently complained about her resemblance to the hero's exigent and ironic wife. From book-lined studies all over the Home Counties people have been writing to the papers running the current *Granta* ad to point out that its stark line about everyone having the face they deserve by the age of 40, is a steal from Orwell.

Say what you like about Mart, though, he's always been a guy for the big theme. And I mean the *big* theme. *Money* was about the Anglo-American nightmare; *London Fields* was about the Bomb; *Time's Arrow* was about the concentration camps. Now, if you'll just excuse me while I loosen my collar and drop a couple of Prozacs, "Author, Author", despite some modish thematic nods in the direction of *Information*, is about *literary jealousy*. One guy — Richard — a failed novelist who lives off book reviewing; another guy — Gwyn — whose pallid fictions carry all before them; and the first guy's effort to really fuck the second guy up.

Sorry to sound a bit like Mart here, but you see this is one of Mart's problems right now. In fact, one of Mart's major problems is that nearly everyone writes like Mart nowadays, most of the young guys and quite a few of the older ones as well (check out Julian Barnes's piece on Short/Kasparov a page or two on and you'll see what I mean). Mart's other major problem, though, is that he doesn't write like Mart in quite the way he used to. And so "Author Author" looks very like someone — some ordinary guy, some *writer* — doing a pretty good impression of Mart.

Take the first sentence, for instance: "Cities at night, I feel, contain men who cry in their sleep and then say Nothing." It has all Mart's trademarks — the portentousness, the revelation, the deflation — but also something that Mart's rarely displayed before: the sense of *trying too hard*.

Relax, Mart can still do the funny bits. The humiliations attendant on the minor literary life (and what would Mart know about them?), the cruel deadlines and routine embarrassments, are hilariously recounted. But the dull shuffle from A to B — something Mart was never particularly good at — grows ever duller. The hero waking up? "Richard felt tired, and not just underslept. Local tiredness was up there above him — the kind of tiredness that sleep might lighten; but there was something else up there over and above it, like a concentration of gravity. That higher tiredness was not so local. It was the tiredness of time lived, with its days and days." The hero turning 40? "Turned is right. Like a half-cooked steak, like a wired cop, like an old leaf, like milk, Richard turned." I mean, for Chrissakes, Mart, get on with it. Some of us have got trains to watch, OK?



"I demand to see a literary agent!"

Even the street observation — Mart's famous connection with what goes on down there in the hot pavements — is now a matter of noting the "different preparedness for the form that urbanity was currently taking" (the city-tuned as opposed to the starer, the secular holyman, the marooned rustic).

The what? The who? I mean, *shape up Mart*. This might do for Bill and Julian and Ian, the guys in the rumpus room and pool-table high fivers, but it won't do for us. And it would be such a terrible shame if you spent the rest of your career on this fraught and turbulent planet simply being the best of the innumerable guys who make a living out of impersonating Martin Amis.

Books & Bookmen

☐ **WHAT forced Eddie "McBastard" Bell and his Scots henchmen here and in New York to cobble together £14 million for Jeffrey Archer's next three books? Lord Jeffrey Archer, as he's respectfully known in the US, was putting it about New York that he was open to offers. What HarperCollins couldn't quite believe was that not one US publisher had made an offer, and no UK publisher was inclined to bid. They thought that someone had to be as stupid as them and therefore paid up "to keep him".**

Jeff's current output is actually so thin that even "McBastard" couldn't persuade the bookseller selectors of the Booksellers' Association's influential Christmas catalogue to include the life peer's "new" title in this year's compilation, even though the publishers would have had to pay £2,200 for the book to be advertised therein. HarpicCollins has been advertising the book, Jeffrey's version of the Christmas story, *The First Miracle*, with sub-UNICEF illustrations by Craigie Aitchison, heavily to the trade.

So what's the problem? The booksellers rightly objected to the fact that in a catalogue purporting to be of new titles, Jeffrey's text was previously published way back in 1980 as one of a number of stories in *A Quiver Full of Arrows*, and eager Archer-hunters might buy it not remembering they'd read it 14 years before.

Piqued, and to placate its greatest living author, Harpic has now withdrawn all 10 titles which had been selected for the catalogue, depriving the Booksellers' Association of £22,200 and itself of any publicity for its other titles.

■ *TERRY MAHER, the ousted boss of Pentos, which owns Dillons and Hatchards, has produced his coldly angry memoirs of his "Adventures in the City and the Book Trade", Against My Better Judgement. Trade papers however have to keep in with the principals, if not principles, of their trade, and thus it is not too surprising that extracts from Terry's book in Publishing News do not reproduce his meatier comments on certain trade bigwigs — nor the author's views on the great feebleness of certain publishers.*

Subsequent to the 1989 EC ruling against the Net Book Agreement, not only did Maher realise that Pentos could de-net the 1990 Booker prize shortlisted titles, but he was privately assured by the five publishers in question that they would, all things being equal, go along with him. All five climbed down after they were, it is hinted, threatened by three individuals: Sir Simon Hornby — Sir Smile himself — of W H Smith; Maher's rival Tim Waterstone, by then a pawn of Hornby; and Clive Bradley, bully boy of the Publishers' Association.

Maher's account has been lawyered so readers will not learn that Matthew Evans of Faber "told me that he had been called by Tim Waterstone of W H Smith who had said that if Faber did not join in legal proceedings [against Pentos] then they would return all Faber titles." This must be true because Matthew has begun telling the world that he records his phone conversations so no one can accuse him of being economical with the truth.

☐ **ONE of the most depressing trends in publishing in recent years has been the rise of the "celebrity bonkbuster", whereby someone who is thought to be famous and glamorous — Ivana Trump, Britt Ekland, Naomi Campbell, etc — is paid a huge advance to "write" a novel, regardless of whether she can actually string two words together.**

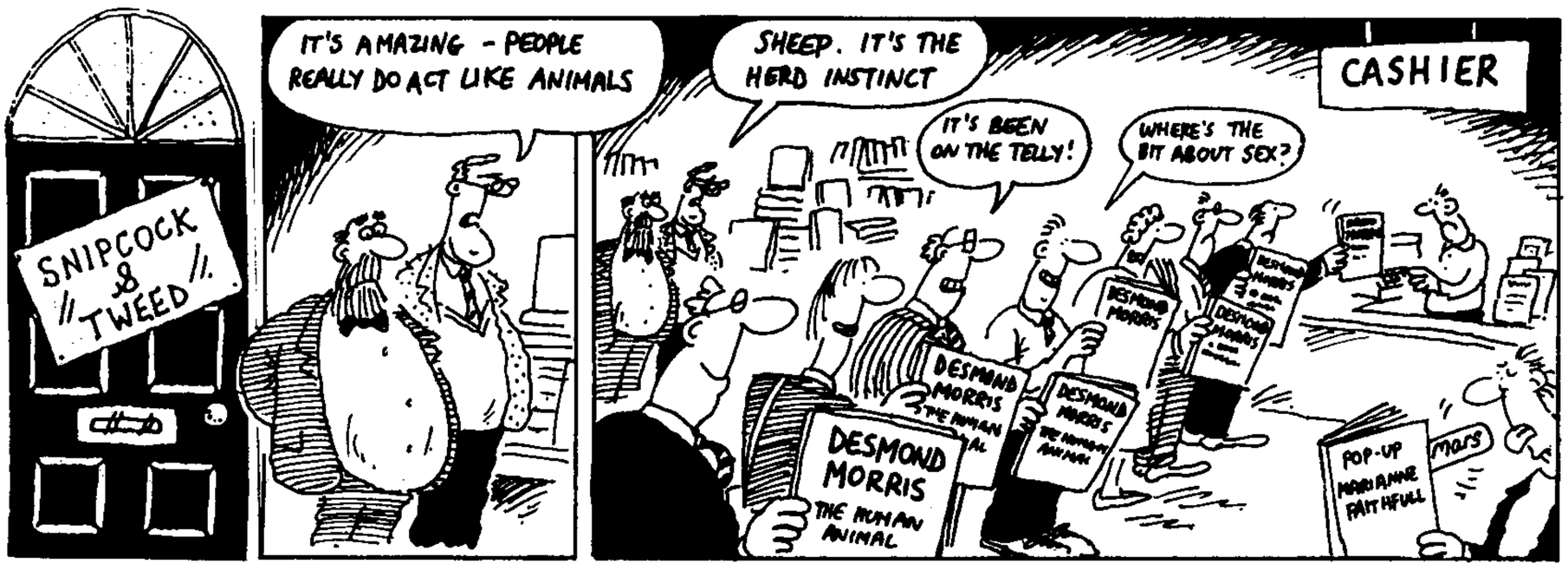
Having worked through most of the A-list celebs, publishers are now scraping around the lower divisions: hence Mainstream's decision last year to commission a bonkerama from Elizabeth Emmanuel, who has carved out a career as a minor *Hello!* magazine celeb merely on the strength of having designed Princess Di's wedding dress 13 years ago.

Alas! When Mainstream's bosses finally saw la Emmanuel's finished typescript they deemed it unpublishable, even with the aid of a professional ghost-writer, and cancelled the contract — much to the chagrin of her agent, Don "Greedy Guts" Short.

Still, this is good news for one Amy Auden, whose forthcoming novel *Wow!* — a sex-and-scribbling blockbuster set in Fleet Street — has been brought forward to October to fill the gap in Mainstream's schedules. It is about four women who are vying for the chance to "trample 200 years of history and become *The Times*'s first female editor". (Exciting, eh?)

"Amy Auden" is in fact the pseudonym of Lesley-Anne Jones, a former hackette on the *Mail*, *Sun* and *Sunset Times*. Several of her ex-colleagues are already said to be consulting their lawyers.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S AMAZING - PEOPLE REALLY DO ACT LIKE ANIMALS
SHEEP. IT'S THE HERD INSTINCT
IT'S BEEN ON THE TELLY!
WHERE'S THE BIT ABOUT SEX?
CASHIER
DESMOND MORRIS THE HUMAN ANIMAL
POP-UP MARIANNE FAITHFULL
mars

footnotes

VINYL SOLUTION

THE PEOPLE of Warrington have been shocked this month to read in their local paper about the escape of 1,200 kilograms of highly dangerous toxic gas from a local chemical factory owned by one of Europe's biggest companies, Unilever. The gas hung over the town for seven hours.

Bob Turner, a chartered chemical engineer who lives in Warrington, was not so surprised. For several months he has been alerting MPs (and the *Eye*) to the potential dangers of the factory — Vinamul Ltd, formerly Vinyl Products Ltd — on the Crosfields industrial estate.

Bob Turner has long personal experience of the factory. In 1985 he was commissioned by Unilever to carry out tests and make a report on the release into the atmosphere of vinyl chloride, which can cause cancer.

Turner's report set out the most effective ways of getting rid of excess vinyl chloride without leaking it into the open air. His report tested the process then favoured by the management: a process he christened "hot discharge".

He used only the figures given him by Unilever management. He insisted the figures should be handwritten and initialled by individual company engineers and managers. From those figures, Mr Turner estimated that the cancerous emissions from the factory, which is based in a densely residential area, would rise by 50 times. It was, he said at the time, "the most excessive carcinogenic emission I have encountered in a quarter of a century in this business".

He was paid for his report, which he submitted early in 1986. To his amazement, the company did not respond. Six months later, Turner heard on the grapevine that the company had turned down his recommendations and opted instead for the cheaper "hot discharge" system he had denounced.

His suspicions were confirmed by a phone call to Bruce Ritchie, a junior engineer at the company with whom he had worked on his report. Ritchie confirmed the firm was using the hot discharge process "on an experimental basis". Ritchie ended by saying: "It's a bit mixed over here what you can get away with and what you can't get away with."

By now thoroughly alarmed — he lives only two miles from the factory — Turner phoned Dr Keith Murray of the local health and safety executive. Murray agreed that if the company were experimenting in "hot discharge", he and the authorities should have known about it. He contacted the company in some heat.

At once Roger Holt, factory manager, phoned Turner to tell him the figures in his report were "grossly incorrect". When Turner pointed out that the figures all came from the company, Holt admitted that the company was responsible for the mistake.

Turner exploded that not a word of these alleged inaccuracies had been communicated to him or his company. "We have," he concluded, "indisputable evidence that you people were about to embark on a full-scale hot discharge process without any regard to the treatment of the emissions — and I cannot allow it."

The next day he had a call from Dr Colin Peters, a Unilever expert, who repeated that the company's figures on which Turner's reports were based were "grossly wrong" and conflicted with further research from company headquarters at Port Sunlight. "The equipment on which the original figures were arrived at was malfunctioning," said Peters, to which Turner replied: "Nonsense."

Though Peters declared at the end of the conversation that the firm was not yet using the "hot discharge" process, the conversations with Peters, Ritchie and Holt convinced Bob Turner that Unilever was hell-bent on the hot discharge system. In some anguish he approached Doug Hoyle, Labour MP for Warrington North. Hoyle fired off a letter to the health and safety executive, whose director-general, John Rimington, replied on 30 October 1986: "The Industrial Air Pollution Inspectorate are well aware of the experimental work conducted by the company on the hot discharge process... It is clear from this and other data that the atmosphere emission figures to be expected would be very unlikely to approach the 137 tonnes per annum which you quote."

The 137 tonnes figure came directly from Bob Turner. Rimington's letter assured Hoyle that the inspectorate would be "closely involved" with further trials of the hot discharge process and would need to be satisfied "before any modification of the current procedures can take place".

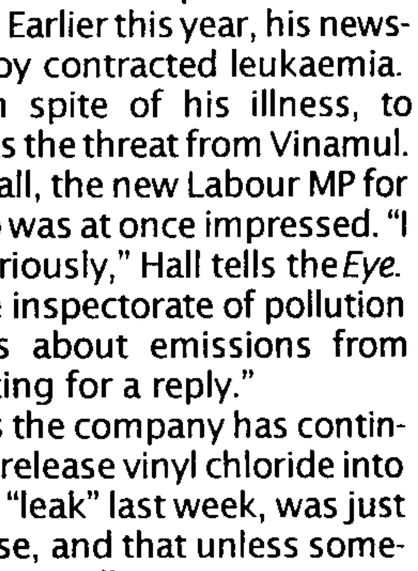
Bob Turner was not satisfied but did not know where else to turn. He went back to his work. At no time did he get from Unilever what he had asked for: a detailed refutation of the shocking conclusions in his report.

Last year Turner had a stroke which laid him up for several months. Earlier this year, his newspaper boy contracted leukaemia. Turner tried again, in spite of his illness, to publicise what he saw as the threat from Vinamul. He approached Mike Hall, the new Labour MP for Warrington South, who was at once impressed. "I took him extremely seriously," Hall tells the *Eye*. "I wrote last June to the inspectorate of pollution asking for assurances about emissions from Vinamul. I am still waiting for a reply."

Bob Turner believes the company has continued ever since 1986 to release vinyl chloride into the air. He believes the "leak" last week, was just such a deliberate release, and that unless something is done the releases will go on.

A Unilever spokesman agreed at once that Turner had been commissioned in 1985 to make recommendations on emissions of vinyl chloride. "His recommendations were not accepted by the company," the spokesman told the *Eye*. He denied the company had ever used the hot discharge process, or that there was any link between that process and the released toxic gas over Warrington this month. "At no time," he insisted, "did the level of emissions rise above 30 per cent of the safety level laid down by government inspectors."

Some people in Warrington may be reassured by that. Others are not.



IMPRESSED: Mike Hall MP

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Rape charge boy is cleared
GUARDIAN MIDWEEK
WHY WERE WE NOT TOLD?

FAMILIAR PATTEN

■ EYE readers will want to know the result of the "opt-out" re-ballot at Christchurch Middle School, Stone, Staffs, ordered by the then education secretary John "Nutter" Patten because he didn't like the result of the first ballot .

The majority against opting out in that first ballot was six. The result in the new one was: for, 180; against 255: majority 75.

The result rather spoiled ministers' celebrations of the 1000th opted out school. The national audit office (NAO) didn't help matters either with a report which revealed some nasty examples of potential conflicts of interest.

● At one secondary school the wife of the information technology manager owned a company employed to instal a computer and software in the school — and the governors weren't told.

● At another secondary school the finance officer was "heavily involved at all stages of the purchasing process — maintaining a list of suppliers; raising approving and re-ordering orders; matching delivery notes to orders and raising and signing cheques."

Naturally, and probably rightly, the NAO does not put names to the examples. But if any readers were to recognise their old school in these examples (or anything like them) and write in with the names, there is nothing we could do about it (except publish them).

REPRESENTATION WITHOUT TAXATION

INCREASINGLY despairing of winning any votes in Britain, the Tory party has started rather early to ensure a decent vote elsewhere.

One of the most remarkable laws passed under Mrs Thatcher allowed anyone who has been living out of Britain for up to 20 years to vote in British elections, provided only that they have not renounced British *citizenship*.

The time limit was originally set at five years. But hardly any Tory votes came in, so it was upped to 20 years. Incredibly, the Labour party, advised by Roy Hattersley, did not oppose the measure.

A mighty effort was organised by Michael Spicer MP and his new organisation, Conservatives Abroad, to garner the votes of crusted expats in places like Cape Town and Miami. In the 1992 general election, at least one seat (Vale of Glamorgan) was won by "expat" voters who do not now have to pay the Tory tax increases since they do not pay tax in Britain.

This time the main effort — at least in Africa — seems to have been delegated to Michael Colvin, fun-loving patrician MP for Romsey and Waterside, whose prodigious interest in international affairs is proved by all the trips he keeps having to make to foreign parts.

Colvin has been writing earnestly in papers in all parts of Africa, from Nairobi to Cape Town, soliciting Tory votes. Africa used to be Colvin's favourite stamping ground — he once reckoned he had been there "15 to 20 times" since he became an MP in 1979. "My wife's family used to have a family business, which was a shipping line, Union Castle," he once said. "So getting to South Africa was never really a problem." (His wife was born into the fabulously rich Cayzer shipping family.)

Since South Africa started to rid itself of its racialist dictatorship, Mr Colvin hasn't been there so often. He has been released for other urgent business elsewhere. For instance in September and October 1993 he managed to get to Taiwan, Seattle, Munich and Taiwan again, all at someone else's expense.

How he manages all these foreign trips is a mystery to Mr Colvin's admirers, who point out that all year round he also acts as an adviser to the Federation of Retail Licensed Trade (Northern Ireland), Caledonia Investments, CUK Ltd, Meridian Broadcasting, and Thames Heliport. His extensive farm also demands his constant attention, and his membership of the Lloyd's insurance market has not always been as much of a doddle as in the past. It is hard to see how the comfortable expats of Cape Town and Nairobi could resist the pleas to register their votes from such an indefatigable campaigner for free enterprise.

RIMINGTON: Stella Artless

A helpful letter from MI5

■ **ON 14 JUNE, UK Families Flight 103, a group of relatives and friends of the victims of the 1988 Lockerbie disaster, wrote the following letter to Stella Rimington, director-general of MI5:**

Dear Mrs Rimington,

I am writing to comment on your recent lecture. During the lecture I understand that you referred to the intelligence service's part in the investigation which led to the indictment of the two Libyans awaiting trial for the bombing. Until there is such a trial, and the men are proved innocent or guilty, we feel it is inappropriate to make public statements — which may adversely affect the prospects of a trial — apportioning guilt firmly at the door of Libya. The present situation, in which we do not know whether or not the men were involved, because there has not been a trial, is deeply unsatisfactory.

"Despite the heightened level of awareness of the terrorist threat against a US target from July 1988, and the specific warnings against aviation accorded serious consideration by the FAA, neither the intelligence service nor others responsible for the safety of this country's citizens were able to prevent the bombing of Pan Am 103. The deaths of 270 people bear witness to the fact that Lockerbie hardly constitutes a success for MI5.

The many serious points in the letter from so many aggrieved people were considered with great gravity by the expensive apparatus at MI5. Almost exactly a month later came the reply, as follows:

Thank you for your letter dated 14th June 1994, your comments have been noted. May I take this opportunity to thank you for your interest in the Service.

It was signed "C. Sumner for the Director General".

THE FEE PRESS (Cont.)

Sister Cooksley

■ THE NEW hospital trusts, run entirely by people appointed by the government, are not always very popular with the public, who turn as ever to their local papers to express their fury.

In Leeds when people are cross with the United Leeds Teaching Hospital Trust, chaired by Tory loyalist and former property speculator Tony Clegg, they can turn in the morning to the *Yorkshire Post* or in the evening to the *Evening Post*.

Both papers are owned by a group whose managing director, Gerry Holbrook, recently joined the board of the... United Leeds Teaching Hospital Trust.

In Plymouth, a lot of people are very cross with the Plymouth Hospitals Trust, chaired by Saltash Tory loyalist Sir Vernon Seccombe, over the sacking of a popular sister, Pat Cooksley, who has 36 years' experience in the NHS and who has paid with her job for her habit of speaking up against the Trust bureaucrats.

For reports and reactions about of this controversial case, the people of Plymouth can turn in the morning to the *Western Morning News* or in the evening to the *Evening Herald*. Both papers are owned by a group whose managing director, James Ramsden, recently joined the board of the Plymouth Hospitals Trust.

GRAND PENSIONS QUIZ

1. Who was the most forceful member of the "retirement study group" set up by the then secretary of state for social security Norman Fowler in 1984, which recommended — and quickly achieved — new laws which led to a boom in the sale of private pensions?

2. Who at the time was chairman of Allied Dunbar, one of the companies which benefited most from the boom?

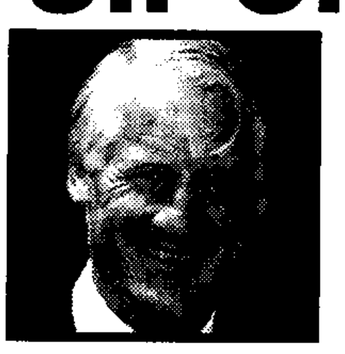
3. Who, in 1988, forcefully ridiculed the idea that the sale of private pensions would lead to widespread mis-selling by over-eager sales staff?

4. Who became deputy chairman of the Securities and Investment Board, which was set up to police the new private pension boom?

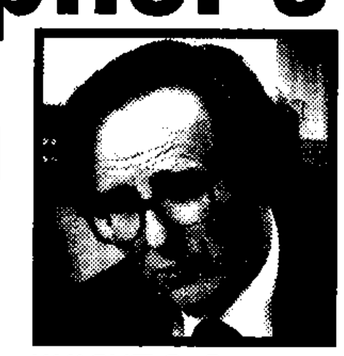
5. Who left the SIB in 1990 to set up a new life assurance company, J. Rothschild Assurance, which has just been fined £100,000 for widespread mis-selling by over-eager sales staff?

Answers:
1) Sir Mark Weinberg; 2) Sir Mark Weinberg; 3) Sir Mark Weinberg; 4) Sir Mark Weinberg; 5) Sir Mark Weinberg.

Sir Christopher's Robin



KNIGHT 1: Butler



KNIGHT 2: Foster

■ **PROFESSOR G. L. Huxley, of Church Enstone, Oxfordshire, was so worried by reports in the *Eye* about Sir Christopher Foster, of Coopers & Lybrand and Railtrack, that he wrote to the cabinet office.**

Back came a reply from no less than Sir Robin Butler, cabinet secretary.

"Sir Christopher's appointment as the secretary of state's special adviser on British Rail privatisation was terminated with immediate effect from the date of the announcement that he was to join the Railtrack board. As far as his board membership is concerned, Sir Christopher has made clear to Bob Horton, the Railtrack chairman, that he will take no part in board discussions or decisions which could in any way have a bearing on Coopers commercial interests."

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

"I DID not buy any shares." That was the initial and categoric statement to *The Times* from his car by Lord Archer when first asked about the lucrative purchase of 50,000 Anglia TV shares just ahead of the agreed takeover bid from MAI.

Within 48 hours the great storyteller had, via "friends", expanded on this to explain that he had advised a real friend whom he declined to identify to buy the shares. But his story was still that he bought no shares and obtained no benefit.

It is now clear that this version of events shows either as poor a grasp of the English language as is demonstrated in many of his books or disturbing symptoms of Ernest Saunders-style amnesia. For it has emerged that he *did* buy the 50,000 Anglia shares, giving instructions for the purchase in two deals to stockbrokers Charles Stanley. Furthermore, he also gave instructions for the shares to be sold shortly after the MAI bid was out and a £80,000 profit was in the bag. In between he told the brokers the shares were to be booked in the name of his Kurdish friend Broosk Saib — the mysterious Mr S. suggested by the *Eye* — who was to receive the cheque via Archer's address.

As the *Eye* (which also first identified Charles Stanley as the broker) has consistently pointed out, there were very good reasons for questioning the Archer version — reasons confirmed by the unusual lengths to which the Department of Timidity & Inaction went to investigate the deal and to consider the evidence gathered by its inspectors.

So now that a much fuller version is available, courtesy of the *Financial Times* and the *Sunset Times*, let us consider the very questions which must have occupied the DTI inspectors over the five months that they studied these well-timed transactions carried out by the husband of an Anglia TV director.

1. Why did Archer not immediately inform Charles Stanley that Saib was the purchaser instead of waiting until the brokers rang back to confirm the first deal?

2. Why did Saib not contact the brokers himself using Archer as a reference to open an account and buy/sell the shares?

3. Did Saib know he was buying and selling the Anglia shares at the time Archer gave the instructions on his behalf?

4. Why did a man who seemingly could afford to "gamble" £250,000 not have access to a broker or High Street bank or building society to buy the shares?

5. Was Saib able to pay for the shares when he "bought" them or did he expect not to have to do so as they could be sold within the dealing account leaving just a profit to be collected?

6. If so, how could he be so certain that Archer's tip was so hot?

7. Why were the shares, bought in the week before the bid, dealt in not for that dealing account but for the new account which began on 17 January, the day before the MAI bid, which meant they could be sold to realise the profit without any requirement to pay?

8. Why did the £80,000 cheque for Saib have to be sent to Archer's London home and not to that of Saib, the broker's client?

9. What did Saib do with the £80,000?

10. Why was Archer so keen not to identify Saib as the lucky punter and why did his fortunate friend not come forward to explain his good fortune?

So far neither the great storyteller nor his assistant in Kurdish Aid have been prepared to answer any of these questions publicly.

It is not difficult from the highly unusual circumstances suggested by these questions and the role of Lady Archer as a non-executive director of Anglia to see why first the Stock Exchange and then the DTI considered there was a prima facie case of possible insider dealing which justified the full treatment of investigation by outside inspectors with the power to question witnesses under oath. After all, quick in and out deals in the same account as a bid is made using a dummy purchaser is almost route one for insider dealers. These facts also explain why the role of Charles Stanley in accepting instructions on behalf of a proposed client they did not know has come in for criticism.

But despite the suspicions the inspectors were confronted by three insuperable obstacles in their investigation if they wanted to prove that a criminal offence of insider dealing had taken place. Mary Archer firmly denied ever mentioning the MAI bid to Jeffrey. Jeffrey firmly denied ever knowing of any MAI bid or telling Saib about one. Saib firmly denied ever being told by Jeffrey that MAI was about to bid. Without proof "beyond a reasonable doubt" that inside information had been received or passed to the beneficiary of record of the Anglia shares any case fell at the first obstacle.

Furthermore, with the cheque going to Saib (who put it all down to good luck and timing) there was an even bigger mountain to climb. Especially as Archer could easily point to ample newspaper comment and market rumour that Anglia was a bid target and that MAI might be the bidder. Such legal niceties seem to be beyond Labour spokesman Robin Cook, whose interventions on the Archer matter have only continued to demonstrate his ignorance.

Those with knowledge of past DTI insider dealing investigations emphasise that where the facts suggest insider dealing but those involved all deny it there is no point in a prosecution as it is almost certain to fail. Would the DTI really have savoured a second courtroom confrontation with fragrant Mary and eloquent Jeffrey?

But, as was stressed in the last *Eye* when considering Archer's claim to have been "cleared" by the DTI investigation, this was not a word the DTI used to explain why "no further action" was to be taken. Indeed, given how long it took for the DTI to make that decision and the amount of internal and external legal advice it took before reaching that conclusion and what is now known about the Anglia share deal, Archer may consider himself very fortunate that the inspectors' report — with its assessment of the evidence and the witnesses — cannot be published.

As the former head of the DTI investigations branch explained to MPs four years ago: "I think that if the inspectors were to publish the reports, more names would be blackened than would be cleared very often. Insider dealing is a difficult offence to prove. You can be reasonably certain that it has happened without being able to prove it. The inspectors may well and quite often *do* come to that conclusion."

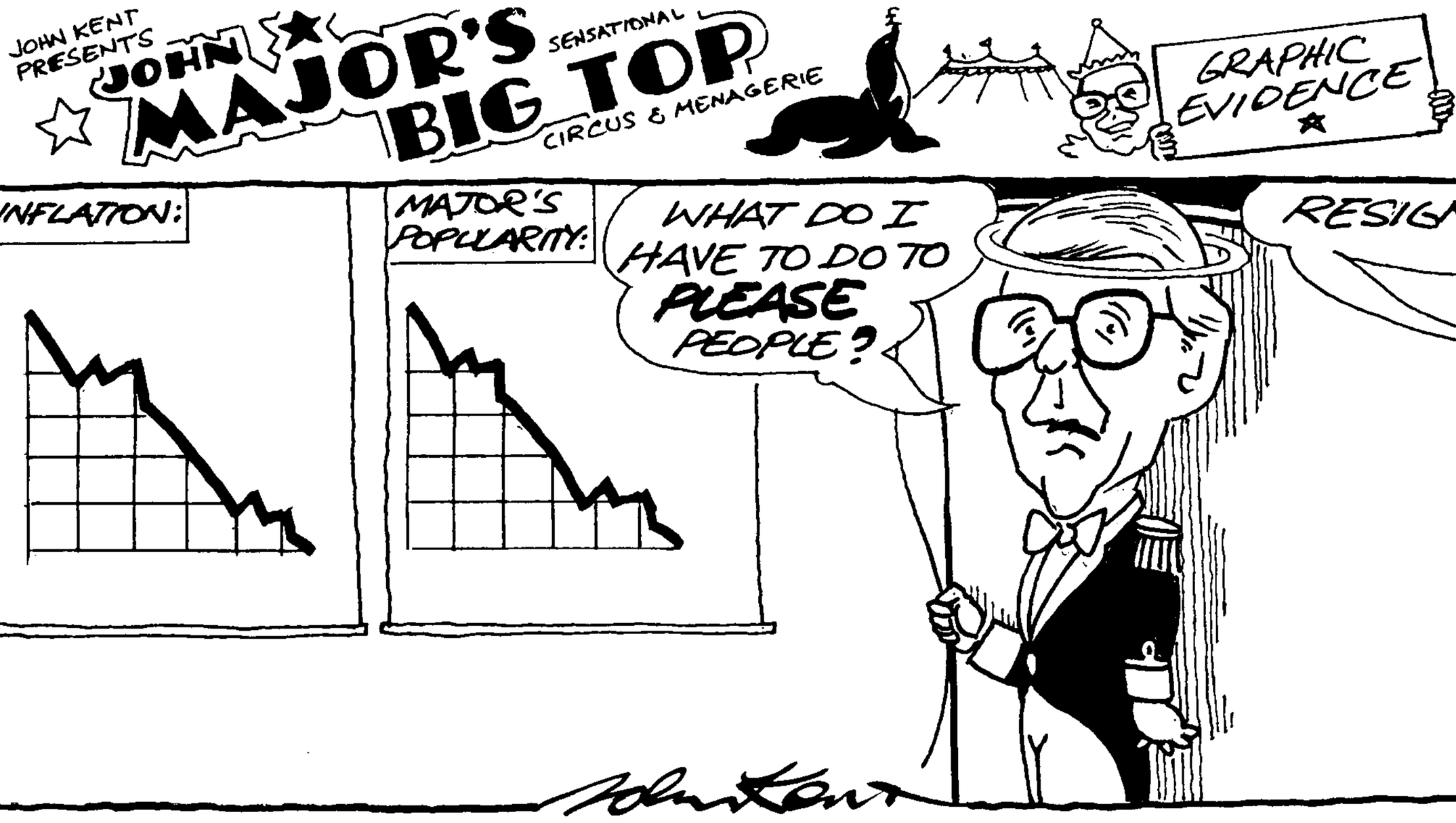
THE Serious Farce Office may soon be faced with the possibility of Radio Asil broadcasting its message of injustice and conspiracy to London's Turkish speaking population.

Nadir's longtime associate Mehmet Ali Akpinar, who runs his newspapers in Northern Cyprus, is seeking to obtain control of Turkish Radio (UK), which has been awarded an AM licence to begin broadcasting from next January. Akpinar has had negotiations with Turkish Radio founder Erkan Pastirmacioglu but these broke down. However, he is said to be seeking to do a deal for control of the company with its other shareholders. Meanwhile Turkish Radio will have to prove that it has the estimated £200,000 necessary to go on the air before the Radio Authority will give final approval. Nadir, via Akpinar or another "front", could still be a source of that funding given the attractions of Radio Asil.

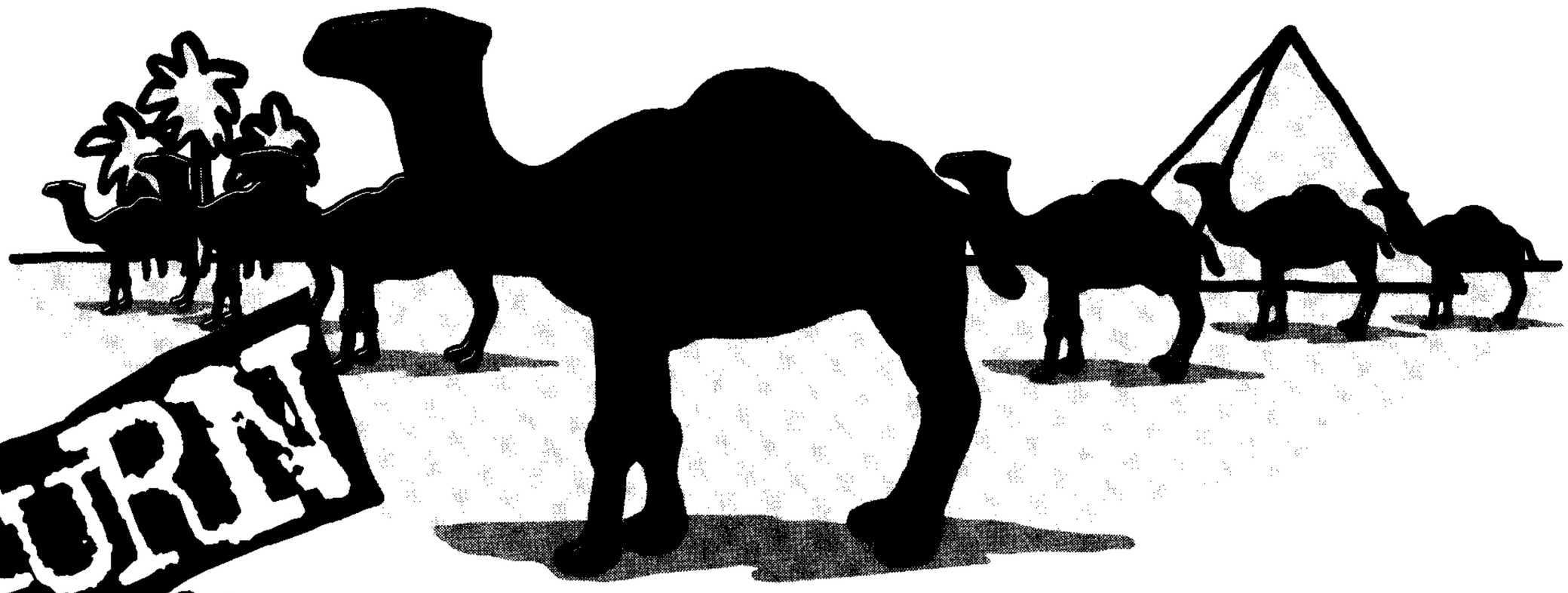
FORMER Amber Day chairman Philip Green seems to have struck up a close relationship with rag traders Helene in his new venture, discount retailers Parker & Franks.

According to insiders, a large number of invoices, all dated 31 December last, the final day of Helene's financial year, were billed by Helene subsidiaries to Parker & Franks and/or the curiously named Ibis(225) which is owned by Green and his old pal and fellow Amber Day shareholder, Stephen Kay. Doubtless this business had a beneficial impact on Helene's profits.

'Slicker'



NEW CAMEL MILD



RETURN

of 7 things YOU didn't know about

SMOOTH-TASTING

Camel Mild

1. 'Camel Mind' is the name of a famous experiment to detect telepathy amongst camels. But you probably knew I was going to say that. In which case, you probably also know Camel Mild is a smooth-tasting cigarette.

2. If you hold a pack of Camel Mild up to the mirror, the camel will appear to point the other way. This exercise will not affect the smooth taste.

3. Despite its acknowledged smoothness, a Camel Mild will not pass through the eye of a needle.

4. In Egypt, packs of camels travel in caravans. In Britain, packs of Camel Mild also travel in cars and trucks.

5. Camel Mildew is a fungal disease affecting dromedaries and is not to be confused with Camel Mild, the smooth-tasting cigarette.

6. Despite centuries of erosion, Carmel, a mountain in Israel, is still nowhere near as smooth as Camel Mild.

7. If you were to drop a real camel and a pack of Camel Mild from the Leaning Tower of Pisa, they would both strike the ground at exactly the same time. Only the Camel Mild, however, would taste smooth.

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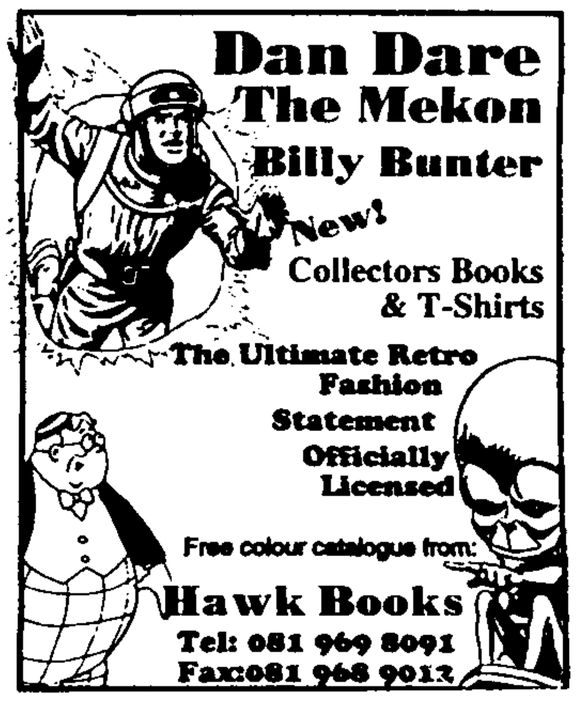

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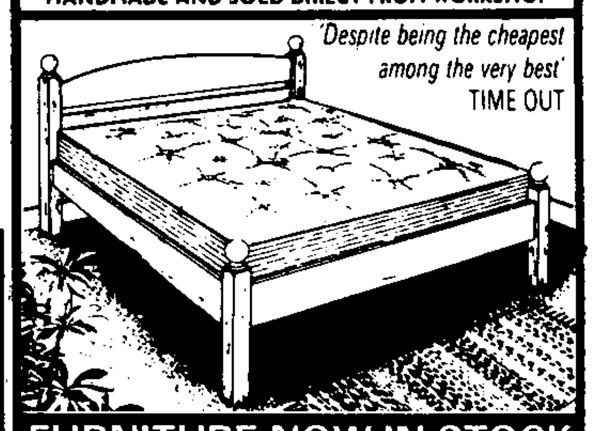

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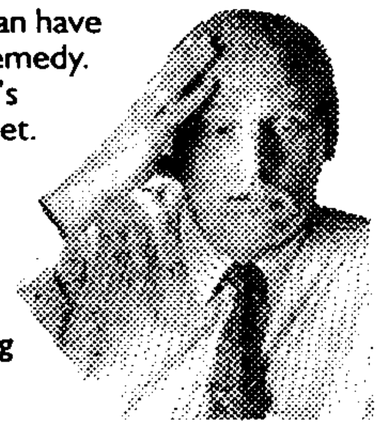

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Quote of the week:

I would like to congratulate ITV for cutting out the vulgar language originally contained in the film 'Aliens'. I feel that this brave decision added a degree of realism and tension previously lacking in the uncut version. I feel sure that were I stranded on a hostile planet awaiting an unspeakably vile and painful death from parasitic aliens, I would certainly have no use for profanities.
R. COLLINGWOOD, Letter to Time Out

SPEECH WRITING by Mitch Murray. See page 30.

EL-FISCHKOTELETTEN — (Porgy), Florastrasse, Pankow, N.Berlin, 52°31/13°25: 22nd — (11)1325 =Ttdg*1C3 =Habesch*103 =mahbush*(37)Galle-chip =mHabsh*(71)St Gall-cell. Bessie, Grand Trunk Ave, Prtland.

ORDER(n): 24'Revelation', revealing, exteriorisation, x-section; 25Trapped, fixed, defined, troped.

JACKAL: JKL =101112 =33° =Khartoum.

FURTHER USES for a John Major. Selling exhibition of signed originals by Patrick Wight starts 16th September at William Rushton Archive, 36 Fossgate, York, YO1 2TF. Please send sae for details about this and other cartoon events.

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26, ARTS GRADUATE, Latin looks, good sense of humour, single, bored and lonely, seeks entertaining and witty correspondence from equally disconsolate young females. Photo appreciated. Box 2953.

SEMI-DETACHED MALE, circa 1946 seeks non-serious woman for occasional drinks, films, etc. (London.) Box 1753.

MALE, 42, has wife's tacit approval to seek female 25-45 for discreet fun and games, S. London/Kent. Box 1653.

WILD COLONIAL BOY seeks warm, witty witings from unconventional young lady. Box 1853.

MAN (45, independent, calm, inquisitive) looking for a woman companion (neat, dancing eyes, sensible, confident, optimistic) companion for London theatre jaunts, etc, and amusing enlightening conversations in the intervals. Box 1953.

ARE YOU FEMALE, 21-30, sporty, attractive, with a gsoh? If so, similar medium rare male (with spicy sauce) wants to hear from you. Photo appreciated. Box 2053.

SUCCESSFUL not unattractive solvent professional 44 soh kind dependable virile varied interests prisoner sterile relationship offers affectionate lady 20s, 30s (attached or otherwise), love and support. Box 2153.

CUTE MAN, with quick wit, big heart and small bum seeks woman, 20-30ish, with same. Box 2253.

WRITER, 50, eight books published, eight to go, seeks outdoor woman (30s?) to explore the rest of life. Box 2353.

HAMPSHIRE WOMAN, 42, tall, slender, quiet(ish), academic(ish), enjoys classical music, films, countryside, seeks kind, intelligent, witty, warm, unattached man. Box 2553.

WESTERNISED INDEPENDENT Muslim lady (28), intelligent, affectionate, gsoh, attractive, seeks straight, single, professional Asian male (28-35) for lasting companionship. Letter and photo essential. Genuine responses only. Box 1553.

LONDON LADY SEEKS professional man under 50 and preferably attached for loving friendship. Box 2453.

IDEALISTIC LIBRAN bachelor, 52, retreating London from Third World frustration seeks amusing soulmate fond of Hancock, Gogol, Dickens, Zola, Balzac. Slight and unwarlike celts, picts and gaulettes especially welcome. Box 2853.

BRIGHT, WITTY, successful professional male, 45, good state if slightly foxed, seeks outgoing attractive hedonistic younger woman for great nights out and in. East Midlands or further afield. Right with photo to ensure reply. Box 3053.

EXUBERANT, SENSUOUS blonde, attractively elegant and slenderly delectable, romantically tactile, late 40s, 5'4" seeks to be spoilt by very successful gallant, mature professional clean shaven man-of-the-world (possibly 45+) n/s, extrovert, gsoh, extremely caring sensitivity for mutual discreet meaningful relationship, optimistically with added continuity, without ties, to enjoy up-market wining, dining, etc. Genuinely motivated replies please. No hypocrites. Daytime preferred, some evenings, occasionally weekends. Photo (exchange), phone no, letter, ensures immediate response on receipt. London area. Box 4553.

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FRENCH FEMALE, 31, 5ft 10in, attractive, creative, well travelled, independent, caring, sensual, eclectic interests (especially the Arts), seeks tall, athletic, handsome, confident, refined similar white male. Ring 0660 208335

HANDSOME GUY, 30, slim, dark good looks, professional, solvent and genuine, seeks female over 25, to share interests, fun and friendship, and maybe more. Ring 0660 206132

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EXOTIC AND VERY ATTRACTIVE Iranian female, young 35, slim, sophisticated, loyal, caring, passionate, feminine, seeks upmarket, successful, professional English gentleman, 35/45, for romance and solid relationship. Ring 0660 206051

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 40, solvent, articulate, Londoner, with butterfly mind, based Sussex, seeks independently minded female for restaurants, theatre, etc, possibly leading to more. Ring 0660 204751

SLIM, SOPHISTICATED Jewish lady, 30, attractive, witty and fun loving, seeks tall, modern, good looking guy to share plenty of love and laughter with. Manchester/Leeds/Liverpool. Ring 0660 206029

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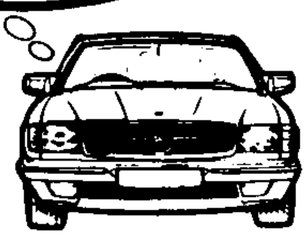

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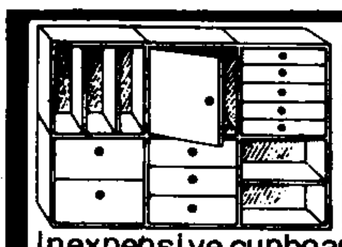

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